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PRACTICAL PUBLIC SPEAKING

PRACTICAL PUBLIC SPEAKING

A TEXT-BOOK FOR COLLEGES
AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS

BY

S. H. CLARK AND F. M. BLANCHARD

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK ::::::::::: 1905

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION.....	ix

Part One.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

CHAPTER I.—DIRECTNESS.....	3
The Call to Arms	<i>Patrick Henry</i> 5
The Eloquence of John Adams....	<i>Daniel Webster</i> 10
Speech on a Motion for an Ad-	
dress to the Throne.....	<i>Lord Chatham</i> 18
America's Duty to Greece.....	<i>Henry Clay</i> 29
CHAPTER II.—EARNESTNESS.....	33
Affairs in Cuba.....	<i>John M. Thurston</i> 35
Against Centralization	<i>Henry W. Grady</i> 41
Speech on the War of 1812.....	<i>Henry Clay</i> 47
Impeachment of Warren Hastings..	<i>Edmund Burke</i> 55
CHAPTER III.—DIGNITY	59
Second Inaugural Address	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 61
The Martyr President.....	<i>Henry Ward Beecher</i> ... 64
Speech at the Dedication of the	
National Cemetery at Gettys-	
burg.....	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 71
Oration at the Laying of the Cor-	
ner-Stone of the Bunker Hill	
Monument.....	<i>Daniel Webster</i> 73

Part Two.

THE STUDY OF DETAIL.

	PAGE
CHAPTER IV.—MOODS.....	85
Reply to Hayne <i>Daniel Webster</i>	87
CHAPTER V.—IMPRESSIVENESS.	97
The Wonders of the Dawn..... <i>Edward Everett</i>	98
Avalanches of the Jungfrau..... <i>G. B. Cheever</i>	100
The First View of the Heavens.... <i>O. M. Mitchel</i>	103
Regulus to the Carthaginians..... <i>E. Kellogg</i>	105
CHAPTER VI.—CONTRAST	109
Tact and Talent..... <i>London Atlas</i>	110
Rome and Carthage	112
Spartacus to the Gladiators..... <i>E. Kellogg</i>	114
CHAPTER VII.—CLIMAX.....	118
Cassius's Complaint of Cæsar..... <i>Shakespeare</i>	121
Liberty and Union..... <i>Daniel Webster</i>	123

Part Three.

STYLES OF DELIVERY.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE COLLOQUIAL STYLE.....	127
Hamlet's Advice to the Players..... <i>Shakespeare</i>	127
Eloquence of O'Connell..... <i>Wendell Phillips</i>	129
The Homes of the People..... <i>Henry W. Grady</i>	132
Paul Revere's Ride..... <i>George William Curtis</i>	135
CHAPTER IX.—THE ELEVATED STYLE.....	138
A Reminiscence of Lexington..... <i>Theodore Parker</i>	139
Death of Garfield..... <i>James G. Blaine</i>	141
Plymouth Rock..... <i>Daniel Webster</i>	143

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.—THE IMPASSIONED STYLE.....	146
Hotspur to Worcester..... <i>Shakespeare</i>	147
Shylock for the Jews..... <i>Shakespeare</i>	147
Against Curtailing the Right of Suffrage..... <i>Victor Hugo</i>	149
On the Irish Disturbance Bill..... <i>Daniel O'Connell</i>	151

Part Four.

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE.

CHAPTER XI.—THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE.....	155
The Burning of Moscow..... <i>J. T. Headley</i>	156
The Battle of Waterloo..... <i>Victor Hugo</i>	163
Waterloo... .. <i>Victor Hugo</i>	176
American Taxation..... <i>Edmund Burke</i>	182
Henry's Speech before Agincourt.. <i>Shakespeare</i>	194
An Appeal for Liberty..... <i>Joseph Story</i>	196
Plea for the Old South Church, Boston..... <i>Wendell Phillips</i>	198

Part Five.

ORATIONS.

CHAPTER XII.—ORATIONS.....	203
Repeal of the Union..... <i>Daniel O'Connell</i>	204
Defence of the Kennistons..... <i>Daniel Webster</i>	216
Reply to Flood..... <i>Henry Grattan</i>	241
The New South..... <i>Henry W. Grady</i>	248
Against Search-Warrants for Sea- men..... <i>Lord Chatham</i>	261
Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act..... <i>John Bright</i>	270
The Nature of Christ..... <i>Henry Ward Beecher</i> ...	284

INTRODUCTION

DURING the past few years there has developed a marked increase of interest in public speaking. Nearly all the leading institutions of learning have established chairs of oratory, or forensics, and many high-schools and normal schools are devoting considerable attention to the subject. The great number of inter-collegiate and inter-preparatory school contests in so many of the States is an additional sign of the growth of interest in public speaking.

The reason for this increased attention is not far to seek. Educators have come to recognize that the training derived from this study is not only practical, but in the highest degree educational. Such training results in the undoubted advantage that comes to one who can express himself forcibly in public; and, further, it gives the unique culture that can be derived only from actual contact with the thought of the great statesmen and orators of the past. In the burning words of Patrick Henry, we recognize the very spirit of the Revolution; and what view of anti-slavery days can we get clearer than that which appears in the speeches of Stephen Douglas and Wendell Phillips? Furthermore, the study of oratory in

its larger aspect cannot fail to develop the logical acumen of the pupil. And lastly, we must not overlook the value of oratorical training in developing the emotional side of the student. The modern scientific spirit oftentimes leads us to believe that the expression of emotion belongs only to the uncultured. The arrangement of the modern curriculum precludes the development of the emotional nature. Therefore, the work in public speaking comes in as a legitimate and necessary corrective for the too narrow application of the scientific spirit in education.

In the effort to obtain the best results in public speaking many methods have been tried. A large number of these have been successful, but none has seemed entirely to satisfy the needs of high-school and college students, perhaps because they are either too detailed and technical or lacking altogether in specific direction. In other words, they are not adapted to the conditions which surround the teaching of public speaking in our higher institutions of learning. One year is the average time given to the teaching of this subject in our colleges, a period much too brief in which to cover even partially the entire field of vocal expression. After careful experiment with college classes, the authors have prepared the present work with the view to giving the student the largest amount of practical training with a minimum of theory.

In the arrangement of the steps in this book, the endeavor has been made to conform to sound psychological principles. The fundamentals are studied

before the details, and the student's attention is directed to but one principle at a time. The various extracts are chosen with great care. It is true that the perfect rendering of every extract requires the mastery of all the elements that go to make effective speaking, but in this book each selection is particularly adapted for practice on the principle discussed in the chapter in which it is found.

Every teacher will have his own method of training students. Nevertheless, without presuming to dogmatize on the subject, the authors would present briefly the plan which they endeavor to follow in their own classes. Whenever possible, there should not be more than twenty students in each class, and they should meet twice a week for an entire school year. Less than two meetings a week would not hold the interest of the class, and where there are but sixty or seventy recitation periods in the course, it is not advisable to have them too close together, since by so doing there would hardly be sufficient time between classes for the student to assimilate the instruction and prepare the lessons. As far as possible, it should be the aim to have every student appear before the class at every recitation. Many students are unused to the sound of their own voices in public, and require much practice before their real power begins to manifest itself. A brief portion or paragraph should be assigned to each student, and some care should be exercised, in order that he may get that portion best fitted to afford the practice he most needs. In delivering the

part assigned to him, the student should never leave out of mind the purpose of the entire speech, so that when the speech is concluded it may affect the audience as if it had all been delivered by a single individual. The amount of time to be devoted to each step is a question each teacher must decide for himself. Unquestionably, a great deal must be put upon the first: Directness. However, when the majority of the class have grasped the spirit of a chapter, it would be well to pass on to the next, keeping well in mind that each step may afford the opportunity for carrying into practice all the principles that have preceded it. Occasionally, certain students may be kept at one step while the rest of the class pass on to the next. However, this will not often be necessary, inasmuch as they may be given prescriptive work, upon which they may practise and at the same time go forward with advance steps with the remainder of the class.

It is impossible to lay too much stress upon the necessity for constructive, positive, encouraging criticism. Without in any way misleading the student as to his shortcomings, the teacher will obtain far better results by telling him what to do, what to strive for, than by continually harping on what he must not do. Occasionally, negative, destructive criticism may be necessary; but as a rule, and especially in the earlier stages, such criticism will destroy the student's spontaneity and perhaps permanently alienate his interest in the subject. So helpful is the constructive criticism that students who have

had no interest in public speaking and others who have not appeared to possess the least talent for the work have become interesting, forceful, and even powerful speakers.

Directions for voice culture and training in gesture are purposely omitted from this book. Both of these branches require great care on the part of the teacher. If he has had the preparation necessary to give instruction in these, he will not need the advice of the authors ; if he has not, such advice would be as likely to hinder as to assist him. This much, however, may be stated : if the method herein laid down is carefully followed, voice and gesture will be materially improved through the expression of thought and feeling. For instance, if a student's delivery is monotonous, variety may be secured through the study of Moods and Colloquial utterance ; if his voice is thin, it may be enlarged by practice on the extracts under Dignity and Elevated Feeling. As for gestures, very few are necessary in public speaking. With a body rendered responsive through exercises familiar to every teacher, it will be found that nearly all gestures will develop of themselves, through an appreciation of the spirit of the selections in this book. At first, the student should be encouraged to move about and to gesticulate freely. Later, with the study of Dignity, the gestures will become fewer, more relevant, and more significant. Awkwardness and repression are generally signs of mental awkwardness, and soon disappear under the training here suggested. Care should be used in commenting on gesture, inasmuch

as too much criticism may result in constricting the action of the pupil, or in making it affected.

A prolific source of error in public speaking grows out of the failure to distinguish between thought and feeling. Let the student analyze the selection with a view to discover, first, the thought of the speaker, and then, the feeling. To assist in the latter task let him continually ask himself: How did the speaker feel when he said this? What effect did the orator desire to produce in his audience? This simple direction is of far-reaching consequence to the beginner, in that it will lead him to avoid coldness on the one hand, and undue excitement on the other. The analysis for thought and feeling will also help him to avoid the very common habit of emotional drifting, which finds expression in what is sometimes called "singing." The monotone is a legitimate feature of expression; but when the motive which induced it passes away, the persistence of the monotone cannot but seriously mar the orator's effect. As a rule it is the highly emotional speaker who is in the greatest danger of falling into the "singing" delivery. He is so deeply moved by the purpose of his address *as a whole*, so carried away by the desire to convince or persuade, that he loses sight of fact and argument, the understanding of which would prepare his audience to agree with him in feeling and in purpose.

The question is often raised, whether it is better to begin the study of oratory with original work or through the analysis and declamation of selections

from oratorical masterpieces. Much may be said in favor of the former method, especially when applied to work in colleges ; but the latter plan seems to have the advantage. The exclusive use of original work confines the student to a narrow field of experience, and emphasizes too strongly his idiosyncrasies in thought and expression ; but a study of the great orators will give him a wider oratorical horizon, and tend to eradicate objectionable mannerisms. By reading and declaiming the speeches of such men as Chatham, Burke, Webster, and Clay, the student is led into oratorical habits of mind ; he is taught by practical illustration the difference between the style of the essay and that of the oration ; and, best of all, he learns that true oratory does not consist in "fine writing," but in sound logic, and simple, forceful, honest expression. There is the further reason, that the student does not have the time to compose the original work, and, generally, he has not the ability to write in the styles necessary for the development of his power as a speaker. But he has both time and ability to analyze and declaim the works of the masters. From such study there will come not only power as a speaker, but an awakening of those emotions that are the basis of genuine oratorical style. When such a style has been developed, a combination of both declamation and original work will prove very effective, especially when the work in public speaking is done in co-operation with the department of rhetoric. What has been said above should be an effective answer to those who object to decla-

mation on the ground that they do not desire to become reciters, but orators.

In conclusion, it may be repeated that this book is not intended for an exhaustive treatise on vocal expression. It is prepared to supply the needs of a particular class of students working under particular circumstances. Should it be desired to pursue further the study of expression, to appreciate more fully the philosophy and pedagogy of the subject, a complete treatment will be found in Chamberlain and Clark's *Principles of Vocal Expression and Literary Interpretation* (Chicago).

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO,

June 15, 1899.

Part One

**THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PUBLIC
SPEAKING**

CHAPTER I

DIRECTNESS

THE first essential for the public speaker, that element which lies at the basis of his power, is **directness**. The orator must talk to his audience to convince them of the truth of what he has to say. Hence, the object of the drill upon the selections in this chapter is to develop the **spirit of directness**. Let the pupil express himself in any way he may; let him gesticulate as freely and as wildly as the spirit moves him to do; in fact, the average student may even be encouraged to exaggerate his action at this stage; but let one purpose and one alone dominate: the purpose to influence his audience.

It will be observed that the selections present the speaker as replying to arguments that must be overthrown. His whole heart is in his theme. Great issues are at stake. If the opinion of his opponents should prevail it would mean ruin. The student should conceive these conditions, and **talk to convince**. Practice of the kind here prescribed will stimulate the imagination, give virility to the voice, vitalize the gestures, and, above all, free the channels of expression.

Inasmuch as this lesson will probably be the

student's first definite drill in expression, he may feel awkward, nervous, and self-conscious. The class as well as the teacher may do much to assist him; and their encouragement will soon create a bright, cheerful class-room atmosphere, in which self-consciousness will rapidly disappear. Criticism should be pointed, brief, and stimulating, and directed to one sole end: the development of directness.

THE CALL TO ARMS

PATRICK HENRY

Richmond, Va., March 28, 1775

[On March 20, 1775, Virginia's second Revolutionary Convention met. Three days later, Patrick Henry offered, in the convention, a resolution that "the Colony of Virginia be immediately put into a posture of defence." Violent debate followed, in the midst of which was given the following speech, which has been called Patrick Henry's individual declaration of war against Great Britain.]

MR. PRESIDENT—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights ; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery ; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as

guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourself to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen,

sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so

long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that

sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms ! Our brethren are already in the field ! Why stand we here idle ? What is it that gentlemen wish ? What would they have ? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course others may take ; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death !

THE ELOQUENCE OF JOHN ADAMS

DANIEL WEBSTER

Boston, August 2, 1826

THE eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic ; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it ; but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way ; but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour.

Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent ; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deduction of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence ; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress then was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent state, was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest ; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances ; or, let us hear the firm-toned voices of this band of patriots.

Hancock presides over this solemn sitting ; and

one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

“Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters, and with privileges. These will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people—at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length?—Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval, power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England? for she will exert that strength to the utmost. Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people?—or will they not act as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit in the end to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputable to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as in-

jured, but as ambitious, subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold."

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair—is not he, our venerable colleague near you—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and

of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men—that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of indepen-

dence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then—why, then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

“If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies: the cause will create navies. The people—the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through the struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will

cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that

I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now, and independence forever."

SPEECH ON A MOTION FOR AN ADDRESS TO THE THRONE

LORD CHATHAM

House of Lords, November 8, 1777

[This was the greatest effort of the Elder Pitt. Though an old man, he seems filled with all the fire of youth. A prominent critic has said, "It would be difficult to find in the whole range of parliamentary history a more splendid blaze of genius, at once rapid, vigorous, and sublime."]

I RISE, my Lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove, but which impels me to endeavor its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address, I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble Earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulations on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession. I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty.

But I must stop here. My courtly complaisance will carry me no farther. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous

measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my Lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honors in this House, the hereditary council of the Crown. *Who* is the minister—*where* is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the Throne the contrary, unconstitutional language this day delivered from it? The accustomed language from the Throne has been application to Parliament for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the Crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! but the Crown, from itself and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures—and what measures, my Lords? The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give

an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! “But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence.”¹ I use the words of a poet; but, though it be poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity are sacrificed.

France, my Lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the state, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England! The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now

¹ “But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.”

—*Julius Cæsar*, Act III., Sc. 6.

command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility—this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy! and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who, “but yesterday” gave law to the house of Bourbon?

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America *is an impossibility*. You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot* conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting

them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. Unless thoroughly done away, it will be a stain on the national character. It is a violation of the Constitution. I believe it is against law.

You cannot *conciliate* America by your present measures. You cannot *subdue* her by your present or by any measures. What, then, can you do? You cannot conquer; you cannot gain; but you can *address*; you can lull the fears and anxieties of the moment into an ignorance of the danger that should produce them. But, my Lords, the time demands the language of truth. We must not now apply the flattering unction of servile compliance or blind complaisance. In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honor of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those who have been guilty; I only recommend to them to make their retreat. Let them walk off; and let

them make haste, or they may be assured that speedy and condign punishment will overtake them.

My Lords, I have submitted to you, with the freedom and truth which I think my duty, my sentiments on your present awful situation. I have laid before you the ruin of your power, the disgrace of your reputation, the pollution of your discipline, the contamination of your morals, the complication of calamities, foreign and domestic, that overwhelm your sinking country. Your dearest interests, your own liberties, the Constitution itself, totters to the foundation. All this disgraceful danger, this multitude of misery, is the monstrous offspring of this unnatural war. We have been deceived and deluded too long. Let us now stop short. This is the crisis—the only crisis¹ of time and situation, to give us a possibility of escape from the fatal effects of our delusions. But if, in an obstinate and infatuated perseverance in folly, we slavishly echo the peremptory words this day presented to us, nothing can save this devoted country from complete and final ruin. We madly rush into multiplied miseries and “confusion worse confounded.”

Is it possible, can it be believed, that ministers are yet blind to this impending destruction? I did hope, that instead of this false and empty vanity, this overweening pride, engendering high conceits and presumptuous imaginations, ministers would

¹ It cannot have escaped observation, says Chapman, with what urgent anxiety the noble speaker has pressed this point throughout his speech; the critical necessity of instantly treating with America. But the warning voice was heard in vain; the address triumphed; Parliament adjourned; ministers enjoyed the festive recess of a long Christmas, and America ratified her alliance with France

have humbled themselves in their errors, would have confessed and retracted them, and by an active, though a late repentance, have endeavored to redeem them. But, my Lords, since they had neither sagacity to foresee, nor justice nor humanity to shun these oppressive calamities—since not even severe experience can make them feel, nor the imminent ruin of their country awaken them from their stupefaction, the guardian care of Parliament must interpose. I shall, therefore, my Lords, propose to you an amendment of the address to his Majesty, to be inserted immediately after the two first paragraphs of congratulation on the birth of a princess, to recommend an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the commencement of a treaty to restore peace and liberty to America, strength and happiness to England, security and permanent prosperity to both countries. This, my Lords, is yet in our power; and let not the wisdom and justice of your Lordships neglect the happy, and, perhaps, the only opportunity. By the establishment of irrevocable law, founded on mutual rights and ascertained by treaty, these glorious enjoyments may be firmly perpetuated. And let me repeat to your Lordships, that the strong bias of America, at least of the wise and sounder parts of it, naturally inclines to this happy and constitutional reconnection with you.

My Lords, to encourage and confirm that innate inclination to this country, founded on every principle of affection, as well as consideration of interest; to restore that favorable disposition into a permanent and powerful reunion with this country; to revive the mutual strength of the empire; again to awe the house of Bourbon, instead of meanly truckling, as our present calamities compel us, to every

insult of French caprice and Spanish punctilio ; to re-establish our commerce ; to reassert our rights and our honor ; to confirm our interests and renew our glories forever—a consummation most devoutly to be endeavored ! and which, I trust, may yet arise from reconciliation with America—I have the honor of submitting to you the following amendment, which I move to be inserted after the two first paragraphs of the address :

“And that this House does most humbly advise and supplicate his Majesty to be pleased to cause the most speedy and effectual measures to be taken for restoring peace in America ; and that no time may be lost in proposing an immediate cessation of hostilities there, in order to the opening of a treaty for the final settlement of the tranquillity of these invaluable provinces, by a removal of the unhappy causes of this ruinous civil war, and by a just and adequate security against the return of the like calamities in times to come. And this House desire to offer the most dutiful assurances to his Majesty, that they will, in due time, cheerfully co-operate with the magnanimity and tender goodness of his Majesty, for the preservation of his people, by such explicit and most solemn declarations, and provisions of fundamental and irrevocable laws, as may be judged necessary for the ascertaining and fixing forever the respective rights of Great Britain and her colonies.”

[In the course of this debate, Lord Suffolk, secretary for the northern department, undertook to defend the employment of the Indians in the war. His Lordship contended that, besides its *policy* and *necessity*, the measure was also allowable on *principle* ; for that “it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that *God and nature put into our hands !*”]

I am astonished ! [exclaimed Lord Chatham, as he rose] shocked ! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country : principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian !

My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the Throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. “ That God and nature put into our hands ! ” I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my Lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles ! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honor ; they shock me as a lover of honorable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church—I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the

unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.¹ In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion—the *Protestant religion*—of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us—to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war!* Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

¹ The tapestry of the House of Lords represented the English fleet led by the ship of the lord-admiral, Effingham Howard (ancestor of Suffolk), to engage the Spanish Armada.

My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our Constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House, and this country, from this sin.

My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

AMERICA'S DUTY TO GREECE

HENRY CLAY

U. S. House of Representatives, January 23, 1824

[On December 8, 1824, Daniel Webster submitted for consideration the following :

Resolved, That provision ought to be made, by law, for defraying the expense incident to the appointment of an agent, or commissioner, to Greece, whenever the President shall deem it expedient to make such appointment.

In the debate that ensued, Mr. Clay expressed himself, in part, as follows :]

MR. CHAIRMAN—The resolution proposed providing the means to defray the expense of a mission, whenever the President, who knows, or ought to know, the dispositions of all the European Powers, Turkish or Christian, shall deem it proper to send one. The amendment goes to withhold any appropriation, and to make a public declaration of our sympathy with the Greeks, and our good wishes for their cause. And how, sir, has this simple, modest, unpretending, this harmless proposition been treated ? It has been argued, as if it proposed aid to the Greeks ; as if it proposed the recognition of their government ; as an act of unjustifiable interference ; as a measure of war. And those who thus argue the question, while they themselves give unbounded range to their imagination, in conceiving and setting in array the monstrous consequences which are to

grow out of so simple a proposal, impute to us who are its advocates, Quixotism! Quixotism! While they are taking the most extravagant and unlimited range, and arguing anything and everything but the question before the House, they accuse us of enthusiasm, of giving the reins to feeling, of being carried away by our imagination. No, sir, the proposition on your table is no proposition for aid, nor for recognition, nor for interference, nor for war.

It has been said that the proposed measure will be a departure from our uniform policy with respect to foreign nations—that it will provoke the ire of the Holy Alliance—and will, in effect, be a repetition of their offence, by an unwarrantable interference with the domestic concerns of other Powers.

If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we draw an humble petition addressed to their majesties, asking them that of their condescension they would allow us to express something on the subject. How, sir, shall it begin? “We, the Representatives of the free people of the United States of America, humbly approach the Thrones of your Imperial and Royal Majesties, and supplicate that of your Imperial and Royal clemency” — I will not go through the disgusting recital; my lips have not yet learned the sycophantic language of a degraded slave.

Are we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldierly, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens? If the

great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give her but little aid, and that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a people. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for *America* herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance, sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make: "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold, unfeeling apathy, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States—almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets—while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer, for Grecian success; while the whole continent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of heaven to spare Greece,

and to invigorate her arms: while temples and senate-houses were all resounding with one burst of generous sympathy; in the year of our Lord and Saviour,—that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us,—a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies,—and it was rejected!”

Go home, if you dare,—go home, if you can,—to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that, you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you; that the spectres of cimeters, and crowns and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberality, by national independence, and by humanity! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House. But for myself, though every friend of the measure should desert it, and I be left to stand alone, with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I would give to the resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

CHAPTER II

EARNESTNESS

By earnestness is meant enthusiasm for one's theme: not mere sound and fury, but a surrender of self to the emotions growing out of the subject. Earnestness, therefore, is closely associated with directness: for the earnest speaker is very likely to be direct, and directness will often beget earnestness. We must note, however, that mere feeling is not necessarily earnestness in the sense in which it is used here; nor is the earnest speaker always direct in his presentation.

In the previous exercises the object was attained if the student's delivery became direct, regardless of the fact that he may have been relatively cold on the one hand, or violently demonstrative on the other. But now it is for the student to recognize that his theme is of more importance than himself; to endeavor to let the truth he has to present sink in of its own weight rather than to drive it home by physical force, as if it must be accepted because *he* uttered it, instead of for its own sake. The truth is to be stated not with shrill voice, violent headshakings and pounding gestures, but strongly, positively, and with

the self-control growing out of the conviction that it must prevail.

Very few speakers, especially those of strong convictions, appreciate the value of eliminating themselves from their delivery. Emerson has told us of the value of under-statement in controversial writings. May we not apply his advice to the manner of public speaking? An audience will frequently refuse to act upon the advice of an orator, even if he speaks the truth, because his presentation has the effect of a command. His personality steps in between his theme and the audience. On the other hand, without in any way descending from his level as teacher, and with arguments as strong as he can make them, he may often win the hearts and approval of his hearers simply through enthusiasm for his theme. His manner should not say, "You must do this because *I* command it"; but, "Should we not do this because it is right?"

Experience has shown that the average student is most deficient in the realm of earnestness. Through lack of imagination or undue repression he seems to have difficulty in infusing passion, feeling, into the rendition of the words of another. He should therefore be urged to lay particular stress upon the selections in this chapter and to endeavor to fill them with at least an approximation of the author's feelings.

AFFAIRS IN CUBA

JOHN M. THURSTON

United States Senate, March 24, 1898

I AM here by command of silent lips¹ to speak once and for all upon the Cuban situation. I shall endeavor to be honest, conservative, and just. I have no purpose to stir the public passion to any action not necessary and imperative to meet the duties and necessities of American responsibility, Christian humanity, and national honor. I would shirk this task if I could, but I dare not. I can not satisfy my conscience except by speaking, and speaking now.

I went to Cuba firmly believing that the condition of affairs there had been greatly exaggerated by the press, and my own efforts were directed in the first instance to the attempted exposure of these supposed exaggerations. There has undoubtedly been much sensationalism in the journalism of the time, but as to the condition of affairs in Cuba there has been no exaggeration, because exaggeration has been impossible.

Under the inhuman policy of Weyler not less than 400,000 self-supporting, simple, peaceable, defenceless country people were driven from their homes in the agricultural portions of the Spanish provinces to the cities, and imprisoned upon the barren waste outside the residence portions of these cities and within the lines of intrenchment established a little

¹ Mrs. Thurston died in Cuba. Her last request was that her husband should do his utmost to secure intervention.

way beyond. Their humble homes were burned, their fields laid waste, their implements of husbandry destroyed, their live stock and food supplies for the most part confiscated. Most of the people were old men, women, and children. They were thus placed in hopeless imprisonment, without shelter or food. There was no work for them in the cities to which they were driven. They were left there with nothing to depend upon except the scanty charity of the inhabitants of the cities and with slow starvation their inevitable fate.

(The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving reconcentrados are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousands. I never saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Matanzas. I can never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Huddled about their little bark huts, they raised no voice of appeal to us for alms as we went among them. Their only appeal came from their sad eyes, through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls.)

The Government of Spain has not and will not appropriate one dollar to save these people. They are now being attended, and nursed, and administered to by the charity of the United States. Think of the spectacle! We are feeding these citizens of Spain; we are nursing their sick; we are saving such as can be saved, and yet there are those who still say it is right for us to send food, but we must keep hands off. I say that the time has come when muskets must go with the food. We asked the governor if he knew of any relief for these people except through the charity of the United States. He

did not. We asked him, "When do you think the time will come that these people can be placed in a position of self-support?" He replied to us, with deep feeling, "Only the good God or the great Government of the United States can answer that question." I hope and believe that the good God by the great Government of the United States will answer that question.

I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity me; I have seen them; they will remain in my mind forever—and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died nineteen hundred years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation. She has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people than all the other nations of the earth combined. Europe may tolerate her existence as long as the people of the Old World wish. God grant that before another Christmas morning the last vestige of Spanish tyranny and oppression will have vanished from the Western Hemisphere.

I counselled silence and moderation from this floor when the passion of the nation seemed at white heat over the destruction of the *Maine*; but it seems to me the time for action has now come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. (Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only one power can intervene—the United States of America. Ours is the one great nation of the New World, the mother of American republics. She holds a position of trust and responsibility toward the peoples and affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere. It was her glorious example which inspired the patriots of Cuba to raise the flag of liberty in her eternal hills.

We cannot refuse to accept this responsibility which the God of the universe has placed upon us as the one great power in the New World. We must act! *and* What shall our action be? Some say, The acknowledgment of the belligerency of the revolutionists. The hour and the opportunity for that have passed away. Others say, Let us by resolution or official proclamation recognize the independence of the Cubans. It is too late for even such recognition to be of great avail. Others say, Annexation to the United States. God forbid! I would oppose annexation with my latest breath. The people of Cuba are not our people; they cannot assimilate with us; and beyond all that, I am utterly and unalterably opposed to any departure from the declared policy of the fathers, which would start this republic for the first time upon a career of conquest and dominion utterly at variance with the avowed purposes and the manifest destiny of popular government.

There is only one action possible, if any is taken; that is, intervention for the independence of the island. Against the intervention of the United States in this holy cause there is but one voice of dissent; that voice is the voice of the money-changers. They fear war! Not because of any Christian or ennobling sentiment against war and in favor of peace, but because they fear that a declaration of war, or the intervention which might result in war, would have a depressing effect upon the stock market. Let them go. They do not represent American sentiment; they do not represent American patriotism. Let them take their chances as they can. Their weal or woe is of but little importance to the liberty-loving people of the United States. They will not do the fighting; their blood will not flow; they

will keep on dealing in options on human life.) Let the men whose loyalty is to the dollar stand aside while the men whose loyalty is to the flag come to the front.

There are those who say that the affairs of Cuba are not the affairs of the United States; who insist that we can stand idly by and see that island devastated and depopulated, its business interests destroyed, its commercial intercourse with us cut off, its people starved, degraded, and enslaved. It may be the naked legal right of the United States to stand thus idly by. I have the legal right to pass along the street and see a helpless dog stamped into the earth under the heels of a ruffian. I can pass by and say, that is not my dog. I can sit in my comfortable parlor, and through my plate-glass window see a fiend outraging a helpless woman near by, and I can legally say, this is no affair of mine—it is not happening on my premises. But if I do, I am a coward and a cur, unfit to live, and, God knows, unfit to die.

And yet I cannot protect the dog nor save the woman without the exercise of force. We cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war; war means blood. The lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee preached the divine doctrine of love, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Not peace on earth at the expense of liberty and humanity. Not good will toward men who despoil, enslave, degrade, and starve to death their fellow-men. I believe in the doctrine of Christ. I believe in the doctrine of peace; but men must have liberty before there can come abiding peace. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barri-

cade of wrong, injustice, and oppression has ever been carried except by force?

Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line of Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song:

**In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigured you and me.
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on.**

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiation, which means delay, but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country, and my God.

AGAINST CENTRALIZATION

HENRY W. GRADY

The University of Va., June 25, 1889

THE unmistakable danger that threatens free government in America, is the increasing tendency to concentrate in the Federal government, powers and privileges that should be left with the States, and to create powers that neither the State nor Federal government should have.

It is not strange that there should be a tendency to centralization in our government. This disposition was the legacy of the war. Steam and electricity have emphasized it by bringing the people closer together. The splendor of a central government dazzles the unthinking; its opulence tempts the poor and the avaricious; its strength assures the rich and the timid; its patronage incites the spoilsmen, and its powers inflame the partisan.

Concurrent with this political drift is another movement, less formal, perhaps, but not less dangerous: the consolidation of capital. The world has not seen, nor has the mind of man conceived of such miraculous wealth-gathering as is an every-day tale to us. The seeds of a luxury that even now surpasses that of Rome or Corinth, and has only yet put forth its first flowers, are sown in this simple Republic. What shall the full fruitage be? The youngest nation, America, is vastly the richest, and

in twenty years, in spite of war, has nearly trebled her wealth. Millions are made on the turn of a trade, and the toppling mass grows and grows, while in its shadow starvation and despair stalk among the people, and swarm with increasing legions against the citadels of human life.

But the abuse of this amazing power of consolidated wealth is its bitterest result and its pressing danger. When the agent of a dozen men who have captured and who control an article of prime necessity, meets the representatives of a million farmers from whom they have forced \$3,000,000 the year before, with no more moral right than is behind the highway man who halts the traveller at the pistol's point, and insolently gives them the measure of this year's rapacity, and tells them—men who live in the sweat of their brows, and stand between God and Nature—that they must submit to the infamy because they are helpless—then the first fruits of this system are gathered and have turned to ashes on the lips. When a dozen men get together in the morning and fix the price of a dozen articles of common use—with no standard but their arbitrary will, and no limit but their greed or daring—and then notify the sovereign people of this free Republic how much, in the mercy of their masters, they shall pay for the necessities of life—then the point of intolerable shame has been reached.

We have read of the robber barons of the Rhine, who from their castles sent a shot across the bow of every passing craft, and descending as hawks from the crags, tore and robbed and plundered the voyagers until their greed was glutted, or the strength of their victims spent. Shall this shame of Europe against which the world revolted shall it be repeated in this

free country? And yet, when a syndicate or a trust can arbitrarily add twenty-five per cent. to the cost of a single article of common use, and safely gather forced tribute from the people, until from its surplus it could buy every castle on the Rhine—where is the difference, save that the castle is changed to a broker's office, and the picturesque river to the teeming streets and the broad fields of this government "of the people, by the people, and for the people"?

Let it be noted that the alliance between those who would centralize the government and the consolidated money power is not only close but essential. The one is the necessity of the other. Establish the money power and there is universal clamor for strong government. The weak will demand it for protection against the people restless under oppression; the patriotic, for protection against the plutocracy that scourges and robs; the corrupt, hoping to buy of one central body distant from local influences what they could not buy from the legislatures of the States sitting at their homes. Thus, hand in hand, will walk—as they have always walked—the federalist and the capitalist, the centralist and the monopolist; the strong government protecting the money power, and the money power the political standing army of the government.

Against this tendency who shall protest? Those that believe that this vast Republic, with its diverse interests and its local needs, can better be governed by liberty and enlightenment diffused among the people than by powers and privileges congested at the centre; those who believe that the States should do nothing that the people can do themselves, and the government nothing that the States and the

people can do ; those who believe that the wealth of the central government is a crime rather than a virtue, and that every dollar not needed for its economical administration should be left with the people of the States ; those who believe that the hearthstone of the home is the true altar of liberty, and the enlightened conscience of the citizen the best guarantee of government. Those of you who note the farmer sending his sons to the city that they may escape the unequal burdens under which he has labored, thus diminishing the rural population whose leisure, integrity, and deliberation have corrected the passion and impulse and corruption of the cities ; who note that while the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer, we are lessening that great middle class that, ever since it met the returning crusaders in England with the demand that the hut of the humble should be as sacred as the castle of the great, has been the bulwark and glory of every English-speaking community—you who know these things protest with all the earnestness of your soul against the policy and the methods that make them possible.

What is the remedy ? To exalt the hearthstone ; to strengthen the home ; to build up the individual ; to magnify and defend the principle of local self-Government. Not in deprecation of the Federal government, but to its glory ; not to weaken the Republic, but to strengthen it ; not to check the rich blood that flows to its heart, but to send it full and wholesome from healthy members rather than from withered and diseased extremities.

The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. The love of home—deep

rooted and abiding—lodged in the heart of the citizen, is the saving principle of our government.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its roof-tree should fly the flag of the Republic. Every simple fruit gathered there, every sacrifice endured, and every victory won, should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity.

Let it be understood that I am no pessimist as to this Republic. I know that my country has reached the point of perilous greatness, and that strange forces not to be measured or comprehended are hurrying her to heights that dazzle and blind all mortal eyes; but I know that beyond the uttermost glory is enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial has come He will lift up His everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and in love. For with her He has surely lodged the ark of His covenant with the sons of men. Emerson wisely said, "Our whole history looks like the last effort by Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." And the Republic will endure. Centralism will be checked, and liberty saved — plutocracy overthrown and equality restored.

The trend of the times is with us. The world moves steadily from gloom to brightness. And bending down humbly as Elisha did, and praying that my eyes shall be made to see, I catch the vision of this Republic—its mighty forces in balance, and its unspeakable glory falling on all its children; chief among the federation of English-speaking people; plenty streaming from its borders, and light

from its mountain tops—working out its mission under God's approving eye, until the dark continents are open, and the highways of earth established, and the shadows lifted, and the jargons of the nations stilled, and the perplexities of Babel straightened—and under one language, one liberty, and one God, all the nations of the world hearkening to the American drum-beats, and girding up their loins, shall march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and peace!

SPEECH ON THE WAR OF 1812

HENRY CLAY

United States House of Representatives, January 8, 1813

[This speech was delivered during the debate on a bill proposing that twenty thousand men should be added to the existing military establishment.

American Orations (New York : 1896) contains the following interesting note : "When Clay came to Congress in 1811 he became immediately the recognized leader of the war party in the House, and as Speaker he organized the committees to promote the war policy. It was Clay's leadership which hastened the war. Madison was timid and desired to avoid war as long as possible; he was urged and forced into the war by the more radical young Republicans from the West and South, like Clay and Calhoun. . . . This speech of Clay was especially in reply to Quincy, who had made a strong speech in opposition to the war."]

SIR—gentlemen appear to me to forget that they stand on American soil; that they are not in the British House of Commons, but in the chamber of the House of Representatives of the United States; that we have nothing to do with the affairs of Europe, the partition of territory and sovereignty there, except so far as these things affect the interests of our own country. Gentlemen transform themselves into the Burkes, Chathams, and Pitts, of another country, and, forgetting, from honest zeal, the interests of America, engage with European sensibility in the discussion of European interests. If gentlemen ask whether I do not view with regret

and horror the concentration of such vast power in the hands of Bonaparte, I reply that I do. I regret to see the Emperor of China holding such an immense sway over the fortunes of millions of our species. I regret to see Great Britain possessing so uncontrolled a command over all the waters of the globe. If I had the ability to distribute among the nations of Europe their several portions of power and of sovereignty, I would say that Holland should be resuscitated and given the weight she enjoyed in the days of her De Witts. I would confine France within her natural boundaries, the Alps, Pyrenees, and the Rhine, and make her a secondary naval power only. I would abridge the British maritime power, raise Prussia and Austria to their original condition, and preserve the integrity of the Empire of Russia. But these are speculations. I look at the political transactions of Europe, with the single exception of their possible bearing upon us, as I do at the history of other countries and other times. I do not survey them with half the interest that I do the movements in South America. Our political relation with them is much less important than it is supposed to be. I have no fears of French or English subjugation. If we are united we are too powerful for the mightiest nation in Europe or all Europe combined. If we are separated and torn asunder, we shall become an easy prey to the weakest of them. In the latter dreadful contingency our country will not be worth preserving.

Next to the notice which the opposition has found itself called upon to bestow upon the French Emperor, a distinguished citizen of Virginia, formerly President of the United States, has never for

a moment failed to receive their kindest and most respectful attention. An honorable gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Quincy], of whom, I am sorry to say, it becomes necessary for me, in the course of my remarks, to take some notice, has alluded to him in a remarkable manner. Neither his retirement from public office, his eminent services, nor his advanced age, can exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. No, sir. In 1801 he snatched from the rude hand of usurpation the violated Constitution of his country, and that is his crime. He preserved that instrument, in form, and substance, and spirit, a precious inheritance for generations to come, and for this he can never be forgiven. How vain and impotent is party rage, directed against such a man. He is not more elevated by his lofty residence, upon the summit of his own favorite mountain, than he is lifted, by the serenity of his mind, and the consciousness of a well-spent life, above the malignant passions and bitter feelings of the day. No! his own beloved Monticello is not less moved by the storms that beat against its sides than is this illustrious man by the howlings of the whole British pack, set loose from the Essex kennel. When the gentleman to whom I have been compelled to allude shall have mingled his dust with that of his abused ancestors, when he shall have been consigned to oblivion, or, if he lives at all, shall live *only* in the treasonable annals of a certain junto, the name of Jefferson will be hailed with gratitude, his memory honored and cherished as the second founder of the liberties of the people, and the period of his administration will be looked back to as one of the happiest and brightest epochs of American history; an oasis in the midst of a

sandy desert. But I beg the gentleman's pardon ; he has already secured to himself a more imperishable fame than I had supposed ; I think it was about four years ago that he submitted to the House of Representatives an initiative proposition for the impeachment of Mr. Jefferson? The House condescended to consider it. The gentleman debated it with his usual temper, moderation, and urbanity. The House decided upon it in the most solemn manner, and, although the gentleman had somehow obtained a second, the final vote stood one for, and one hundred and seventeen against, the proposition.

But, sir, I must speak of another subject, which I never think of but with feelings of the deepest awe. The gentleman from Massachusetts, in imitation of some of his predecessors of 1799, has entertained us with a picture of cabinet plots, presidential plots, and all sorts of plots, which have been engendered by the diseased state of the gentleman's imagination. I wish, sir, that another plot, of a much more serious and alarming character—a plot that aims at the dismemberment of our Union—had only the same imaginary existence. But no man, who has paid any attention to the tone of certain prints and to transactions in a particular quarter of the Union, for several years past, can doubt the existence of such a plot. It was far, very far from my intention to charge the opposition with such a design. No, I believe them generally incapable of it. But I cannot say as much for some who have been unworthily associated with them in the quarter of the Union to which I have referred. The gentleman cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, “peaceably if we can, forcibly if we

must," nearly at the very time when Henry's mission was undertaken. The flagitiousness of that embassy had been attempted to be concealed by directing the public attention to the price which, the gentleman says, was given for the disclosure. As if any price could change the atrociousness of the attempt on the part of Great Britain, or could extenuate in the slightest degree the offence of those citizens who entertained and deliberated on a proposition so infamous and unnatural. But, sir, I will quit this unpleasant subject.

The war was declared because Great Britain arrogated to herself the pretension to regulate our foreign trade, under the delusive name of retaliatory orders in council—a pretension by which she undertook to proclaim to American enterprise, "thus far shalt thou go, and no further"—orders which she refused to revoke after the alleged cause of their enactment had ceased; because she persisted in the practice of impressing American seamen; because she had instigated the Indians to commit hostilities against us; and because she refused indemnity for her past injuries upon our commerce. I throw out of the question other wrongs. So undeniable were the causes of the war, so powerfully did they address themselves to the feelings of the whole American people, that when the bill was pending before this House, gentlemen in the opposition, although provoked to debate, would not, or could not, utter one syllable against it. It is true, they wrapped themselves up in sullen silence, pretending they did not choose to debate such a question in secret session. While speaking of the proceedings on that occasion, I beg to be permitted to avert to another fact which transpired—an important fact, material

for the nation to know, and which I have often regretted had not been spread upon our journals. My honorable colleague [Mr. McKee] moved, in committee of the whole, to comprehend France in the war; and when the question was taken upon the proposition, there appeared but ten votes in support of it, of whom seven belonged to this side of the house, and three only to the other.

It is not to the British principle (of allegiance), objectionable as it is, that we are alone to look; it is to her practice, no matter what guise she puts on. It is in vain to assert the inviolability of the obligation of allegiance. It is in vain to set up the plea of necessity, and to allege that she cannot exist without the impressment of HER seamen. The naked truth is, she comes, by her press-gangs, on board of our vessels, seizes OUR native as well as naturalized seamen, and drags them into her service. It is the case, then, of the assertion of an erroneous principle—a principle which, if it were theoretically right, must be forever practically wrong—a practice which can obtain countenance from no principle whatever, and to submit to which, on our part, would betray the most abject degradation. We are told by gentlemen in the opposition, that the Government has not done all that was incumbent on it to do, to avoid just cause of complaint on the part of Great Britain; that in particular the certificates of protection, authorized by the act of 1796, are fraudulently used. Sir, Government has done too much in granting those paper protections. I can never think of them without being shocked. They resemble the passes which the master grants to his negro slave: “Let the bearer, Mungo, pass and repass without molestation.” What do they imply? That Great

Britain has a right to seize all who are not provided with them. From their very nature, they must be liable to abuse on both sides. If Great Britain desires a mark, by which she can know her own subjects, let her give them an ear-mark. The colors that float from the mast-head should be the credentials of our seamen. There is no safety to us, and the gentlemen have shown it, but in the rule that all who sail under the flag (not being enemies), are protected by the flag. It is impossible that this country should ever abandon the gallant tars who have won for us such splendid trophies. Let me suppose that the genius of Columbia should visit one of them in his oppressor's prison, and attempt to reconcile him to his forlorn and wretched condition. She would say to him, in the language of gentlemen on the other side: "Great Britain intends you no harm; she did not mean to impress you, but one of her own subjects; having taken you by mistake, I will remonstrate, and try to prevail upon her, by peaceable means, to release you; but I cannot, my son, fight for you." If he did not consider this mere mockery, the poor tar would address her judgment and say: "You owe me, my country, protection; I owe you, in return, obedience. I am no British subject; I am a native of old Massachusetts, where lived my aged father, my wife, my children. I have faithfully discharged my duty. Will you refuse to do yours?" Appealing to her passions, he would continue: "I lost this eye in fighting under Truxton, with the *Insurgente*; I got this scar before Tripoli; I broke this leg on board the *Constitution*, when the *Guerrière* struck." I will not imagine the dreadful catastrophe to which he would be driven by an abandonment of him to his oppressor. It will not

be, it cannot be, that his country will refuse him protection.

An honorable peace is attainable only by an efficient war. My plan would be to call out the ample resources of the country, give them a judicious direction, prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, strike wherever we can reach the enemy, at sea or on land, and negotiate the terms of peace at Quebec or at Halifax. We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which, disdaining to wait for danger meets it half way. Haughty as she is we triumphed over her once, and, if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must come out crowned with success; but, if we fail, let us fail like men, lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for FREE TRADE AND SEAMEN'S RIGHTS.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

EDMUND BURKE

House of Lords, February 13, 1788

[Mr. Burke regarded Warren Hastings as the responsible author of nearly all the calamities of India. On May 10, 1787, Mr. Burke went to the bar of the House of Lords, and there impeached Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. The trial began February 13, 1788, and Mr. Burke opened the case in a speech which lasted four days, and which has been characterized as the greatest intellectual effort ever made before the Parliament of Great Britain. The extract here given is the peroration of that speech.]

IN the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun in his

beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community—all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My Lords, here we see virtually, in the mind's eye, that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the Crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent of the Crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family, in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the Sovereign and the subject - offering a pledge, in that situation, for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My Lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors, and of their posterity, to guard, and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the Constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My Lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen, and exalted themselves, by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun. We have those, who, by various civil merits and various civil talents,

have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their Sovereign and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high, though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge, and to strengthen with their votes, those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My Lords, you have here, also, the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My Lords, you have that true image of the primitive Church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity—a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle that their welfare was the object of all government, since the person, who was the Master of Nature, chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression: knowing that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is

fed and of those who feed it, made himself "the servant of all."

My Lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity into their hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue, of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

CHAPTER III

DIGNITY

THE failure of many public speakers is oftentimes due solely to a lack of dignity. It is true that what some speakers mistake for dignity is but a vain and pompous strutting; and the student must be constantly on his guard against such oratorical dishonesty. Nevertheless, he cannot lay too much stress upon the endeavor to impress the audience with the importance of his theme and of the occasion. This applies as well to the address delivered to an average jury, to a meeting of working-men, or to an after-dinner speech, as to a sermon, an argument before the Supreme Court, or to a Commemoration Ode. It is true that different occasions may call for different styles and treatments, but in every case there must be dignity, without which lasting impressions are well-nigh impossible. One can point, no doubt, to several speakers who have achieved, or who are achieving, what is called success, but whose speech is far from dignified; in fact, who pride themselves on their off-hand manner and their total lack of dignity. But it is certain that their success is only temporary, while their work contributes nothing to the annals of oratory. It may be well to repeat that

on every occasion we expect and demand that the speaker be dignified even though his theme be but a commonplace one and his style simple and colloquial. While it is true that an audience will hardly be likely to sympathize with a speaker who appears distant and overbearing, yet true dignity, even with an uncultivated audience, is always impressive, and carries with it a weight that familiarity can never attain.

There are few who have not some conception of true dignity. The study of the selections in this chapter is intended to develop a dignified address through the **development of the individual**. That is to say, dignity must be the manifestation of the man. Let the student conceive the circumstances under which the speeches were delivered; let him rid himself of all narrowness and conceive the speaker's personal bias and prejudice as eliminated; let him recognize the greatness of the occasion and his responsibility; and let him aim to convince or move his audience through the power of the truths he presents rather than through his own assertion of those truths. In this way he will soon come to realize the meaning of true dignity and to manifest it in all his work.

Less time should be spent on this chapter than on the two preceding. It requires time to develop dignity, and it is useless to attempt to force it. So soon as the student has caught the spirit of the chapter therefore he may pass on to the next step, endeavoring, however, to infuse all his subsequent work with the spirit of dignity.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

March 4, 1865

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city, seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of

them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease, even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those

by whom the offence came, shall we discern there any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so, still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Brooklyn, April 15, 1865

“And Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, this is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed; I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.”—DEUT. 34: 1-5.

THERE is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish law-giver. After so many thousand years the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days, distinct and individual, as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, or dwelt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness; had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in wars, until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan only lay between them and

the promised land. The promised land!—oh, what yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely promised place! He had dreamed of it by night, and mused by day. It was holy and endeared as God's favored spot. It was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious, and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou mayest not go over: Get thee up into the mountain, look upon it, and die."

From that silent summit, the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between the hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. It was a moment's anguish. He forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. There was the seat of coming Jerusalem; there the city of Judah's King; the sphere of judges and prophets; the mount of sorrow and salvation; the nest whence were to fly blessings innumerable to all mankind. Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer

to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking at home. Upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms; and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope, that it might not be premature, and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of his people as by fire.

At last the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness; and the East came rushing toward us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast indeed entered the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remains the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching, but thou art sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, O weary

heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast suffered enough! Thou hast beheld Him who invisibly led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are the royal men that have ennobled human life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee for evermore. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thine infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as the star is above the clouds that hide us, but never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought in vain; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain, to revere truth, fidelity, and goodness.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings; that blood was staunch, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among

the nations of the earth—these thoughts, and that undistinguishable throng of fancies, and hopes, and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief: this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their

dwelling. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down, and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums, sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, oh, Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the

world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

***SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE
NATIONAL CEMETERY AT
GETTYSBURG***

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

November 15, 1863

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave

the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ORATION AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1825

THIS uncounted multitude before me, and around me, proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and, from the impulses of a common gratitude, turned reverently to heaven, in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling, have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand, a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations.

The society, whose organ I am, was formed for the

purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that, for this subject, no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking, than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for His blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted; and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain, as long as Heaven permits the work of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish that this structure

may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection, from maternal lips; and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries, are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own revolution, which, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent states erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might

well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not for the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve; and the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry; and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies that take no law from superior force; revenues adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the centre her political fabric, and dashed against one another, thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed; and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power, in this continent, from the place where we stand to the south pole, is annihilated forever.

In the mean time, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge; such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and above all, in the liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract

of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it ; and we now stand here, to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we hold still among us some of those, who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit, once more, and under circumstances so affecting—I had almost said so overwhelming—this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men ! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered ! The same heavens are indeed above your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else, how changed ! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assault ; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death ; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy

population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge; our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band! You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

“Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;”—

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

But—ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! him! the head of our civil councils,

and the destined leader of our military bands ; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit ; him ! cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom ; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise ; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name !—Our poor work may perish ; but thine shall endure ! This monument may moulder away ; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea ; but thy memory shall not fail ! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit !

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits, who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole revolutionary army.

Veterans ! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor, from Trenton, and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century ! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this ! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive ; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met, here, to enjoy the fellow

ship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me, that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The image of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom; and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pur-

suit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration, forever.

Part Two

THE STUDY OF DETAIL

CHAPTER IV

MOODS

THUS far we have been considering the fundamental elements of public speaking. We have been aiming to bring before the student's mind the value of directness, earnestness, and dignity ; and to train him in the development of these essentials. In Part Two we are to study the **presentation of thought in detail**. As we listen to conversation we note the variety of inflection, melody, key, quality, etc. Public speaking should have much the same variety, not for its own sake, but that the audience may follow the speaker without effort. One of the most serious defects possible in a public speaker is the tendency to drift. It leads the speaker to state his case in a monotonously dreary style, or allows him to be carried along in an equally monotonous way, upon the tide of intense feeling.

The study of moods will contribute much to a permanent emotional poise, and hence to greater variety of expression. As a result the student will be a more interesting speaker, easier to follow, and more effective in argument.

When one speaks extempore, each successive thought is presented with a definite purpose. This sentence asks a question ; the next strongly asserts ; the following appeals, urges, or entreats. Each

thought creates a definite mood in the speaker which manifests itself in his expression. When one recites the words of another there should be the same variety; but as a rule it is not present because we do not consciously analyze the text to discover the various moods. This is often equally true of speakers who have learned their own words by heart, or who read them from the manuscript.

A brief analysis of a part of the sixth paragraph of Webster's speech will make clear the purpose of this chapter. Beginning with the words, "But the gentleman inquires why he was made the object of such a reply," and ending, "with his friend from Missouri"—we find four distinct moods: the first ending with "Missouri"; the second with "impressions"; the third with "delay"; and the fourth with "Missouri." Without insisting on any particular interpretation, one may say that the first mood is that of inquiry; the second, assertion; the third, beginning with negative statement, ends in strong and emphatic assertion; and the fourth is a simple transition leading up to the next phase of the subject, "If, sir, the honorable member," etc. It will be found very helpful if each student will analyze certain portions of the entire selection and then render them as a test of his grasp of the subject of Moods. The results of such study will soon be evident not only in declamation, but in original work.

If students will bear in mind that the **mood must precede the spoken word** they will have gone far toward mastering the principle here discussed.

REPLY TO HAYNE

DANIEL WEBSTER

United States Senate, January 26, 1830

MR. PRESIDENT—When the mariner has been tossed, for many days, in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and before we float farther, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution.

[The Secretary read the resolution, as follows :

“Resolved, That the committee on public lands be instructed to inquire and report the quantity of the public lands remaining unsold within each state and territory, and whether it be expedient to limit, for a certain period, the sales of the public lands to such lands only as have heretofore been offered for sale, and are now subject to entry at the minimum price. And, also, whether the office of surveyor general, and some of the land offices, may not be abolished without detriment to the public interest ; or whether it be expedient to adopt measures to hasten the sales, and extend more rapidly the surveys of the public lands.”]

We have thus heard, sir, what the resolution is,

which is actually before us for consideration ; and it will readily occur to every one that it is almost the only subject about which something has not been said in the speech, running through two days, by which the Senate has been now entertained by the gentleman from South Carolina. Every topic in the wide range of our public affairs, whether past or present—everything, general or local, whether belonging to national politics or party politics—seems to have attracted more or less of the honorable member's attention, save only the resolution before us. He has spoken of everything but the public lands. They have escaped his notice. To that subject, in all his excursions, he has not paid even the cold respect of a passing glance.

When this debate, sir, was to be resumed on Thursday morning, it so happened that it would have been convenient for me to be elsewhere. The honorable member, however, did not incline to put off the discussion to another day. He had a shot, he said, to return, and he wished to discharge it. That shot, sir, which he was kind thus to inform us, was coming, that we might stand out of the way, or prepare ourselves to fall before it, and die with decency, has now been received. Under all advantages, and with expectation awakened by the tone which preceded it, it has been discharged, and has spent its force. It may become me to say no more of its effect than that, if nobody is found, after all, either killed or wounded by it, it is not the first time in the history of human affairs that the vigor and success of the war have not quite come up to the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifesto.

The gentleman, sir, in declining to postpone the debate, told the Senate with the emphasis of his hand

upon his heart, that there was something rankling here, which he wished to relieve. [Mr. Hayne rose and disclaimed having used the word rankling.] It would not, Mr. President, be safe for the honorable member to appeal to those around him, upon the question whether he did, in fact, make use of that word. But he may have been unconscious of it. At any rate, it is enough that he disclaims it. But still, with or without the use of that particular word, he had yet something here, he said, of which he wished to rid himself by an immediate reply. In this respect, sir, I have a great advantage over the honorable gentleman. There is nothing here, sir, which gives me the slightest uneasiness; neither fear, nor anger, nor that which is sometimes more troublesome than either, the consciousness of having been in the wrong. There is nothing either originating here, or now received here by the gentleman's shot. Nothing original, for I had not the slightest feeling of disrespect or unkindness toward the honorable member. Some passages, it is true, had occurred since our acquaintance in this body, which I could wish might have been otherwise; but I had used philosophy, and forgotten them. When the honorable member rose, in his first speech, I paid him the respect of attentive listening; and when he sat down, though surprised, and I must say even astonished, at some of his opinions, nothing was farther from my intention than to commence any personal warfare; and through the whole of the few remarks I made in answer, I avoided, studiously and carefully, everything which I thought possible to be construed into disrespect. And, sir, while there is thus nothing originating here, which I wished at any time, or now wish, to discharge, I must repeat, also,

that nothing has been received here, which rankles, or in any way gives me annoyance. I will not accuse the honorable member of violating the rules of civilized war—I will not say that he poisoned his arrows. But whether his shafts were, or were not, dipped in that which would have caused rankling if they had reached their destination; there was not, as it happened, quite strength enough in the bow to bring them to their mark. If he wishes now to find those shafts, he must look for them elsewhere; they will not be found fixed and quivering in the object at which they were aimed.

The honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it, or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and, with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the Senate should adjourn. Would it have been quite amiable in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good-feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious if I could have thrust myself forward to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others, also, the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant by sleeping upon his speech that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a mistake; owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the Senate and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true—I did sleep on the gentleman's

speech, and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that, in this respect also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for in truth I slept upon his speeches remarkably well. But the gentleman inquires why he was made the object of such a reply. Why was he singled out? If an attack had been made on the East, he, he assures us, did not begin it—it was the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answered the gentleman's speech because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I chose to give an answer to that speech, which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill. I found a responsible indorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility without delay. But, sir, this interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me whether I had turned upon him in this debate from the consciousness that I should find an overmatch if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If, sir, the honorable member, *ex gratia modestie*, had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and

manner of the gentleman's question forbid me thus to interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, a little of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone for the discussions of this body.

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate; a senate of equals; of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion, not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But, then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should

dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise probably would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part—to one the attack, to another the cry of onset—or if it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion—I hope on no occasion—to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find that in that contest there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

But, sir, the coalition! The coalition! Ay “the murdered coalition!” The gentleman asks if I were led or frightened into this debate by the spectre

of the coalition. "Was it the ghost of the murdered coalition," he exclaims, "which haunted the member from Massachusetts, and which, like the ghost of Banquo, would never down?" "The murdered coalition!" Sir, this charge of a coalition, in reference to the late administration, is not original with the honorable member. It did not spring up in the Senate. Whether as a fact, as an argument, or as an embellishment, it is all borrowed. He adopts it, indeed, from a very low origin, and a still lower present condition. It is one of the thousand calumnies with which the press teemed during an excited political canvass. It was a charge of which there was not only no proof or probability, but which was, in itself, wholly impossible to be true. No man of common information ever believed a syllable of it. Yet it was of that class of falsehoods which, by continued repetition through all the organs of detraction and abuse, are capable of misleading those who are already far misled, and of further fanning passion already kindling into flame. Doubtless it served its day, and in a greater or less degree, the end designed by it. Having done that it has sunk into the general mass of stale and loathed calumnies. It is the very cast-off slough of a polluted and shameless press. Incapable of further mischief, it lies in the sewer, lifeless and despised. It is not now, sir, in the power of the honorable member to give it dignity or decency, by attempting to elevate it, and to introduce it into the Senate. He cannot change it from what it is—an object of general disgust and scorn. On the contrary, the contact, if he choose to touch it, is more likely to drag him down, down to the place where it lies itself.

But, sir, the honorable member was not, for other

reasons, entirely happy in his allusion to the story of Banquo's murder and Banquo's ghost. It was not, I think, the friends, but the enemies of the murdered Banquo, at whose bidding his spirit would not down. The honorable gentleman is fresh in his reading of the English classics, and can put me right if I am wrong; but according to my poor recollection, it was at those who had begun with caresses, and ended with foul and treacherous murder, that the gory locks were shaken. The ghost of Banquo, like that of Hamlet, was an honest ghost. It disturbed no innocent man. It knew where its appearance would strike terror, and who would cry out, A ghost! It made itself visible in the right quarter, and compelled the guilty and the conscience-smitten, and none others, to start with,

"Prithee, see there! behold!—look! lo!
If I stand here, I saw him!"

Their eyeballs were seared—was it not so, sir?—who had thought to shield themselves by concealing their own hand, and laying the imputation of the crime on a low and hireling agency in wickedness; who had vainly attempted to stifle the workings of their own coward consciences; by ejaculating, through white lips and chattering teeth, "Thou canst not say I did it!" I have misread the great poet, if it was those who had in no way partaken in the deed of the death, who either found that they were, or feared that they should be, pushed from their stools by the ghost of the slain, or who cried out to a spectre created by their own fears, and their own remorse, "Avaunt! and quit our sight!"

There is another particular, sir, in which the honorable member's quick perception of resemblances

might, I should think, have seen something in the story of Banquo, making it not altogether a subject of the most pleasant contemplation. Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it? Substantial good? Permanent power? Or disappointment, rather, and sore mortification—dust and ashes—the common fate of vaulting ambition overleaping itself? Did not evenhanded justice, ere long, commend the poisoned chalice to their own lips? Did they not soon find that for another they had “filed their mind”?—that their ambition, though apparently for the moment successful, had but put a barren sceptre in their grasp? Ay, sir,—

“A barren sceptre in their gripe,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding.”

Sir, I need pursue the allusion no further. I leave the honorable gentleman to run it out at his leisure, and to derive from it all the gratification it is calculated to administer. If he finds himself pleased with the associations, and prepared to be quite satisfied, though the parallel should be entirely completed, I had almost said I am satisfied also—but that I shall think of. Yes, sir, I will think of that.

CHAPTER V

IMPRESSIVENESS

THE purpose of this chapter is to direct the student to concentration upon each **phrase**, or **thought unit**, as distinguished from the **mood**, or **emotional unit**. As we find speakers who seem to manifest no variety of mood and feeling, so there are those who fail to impress their thought detail upon an audience. Let the student, then, clearly grasp each idea in the following extracts and strive to make his audience see the picture. The practice recommended in this and in the preceding chapter will do much toward developing the sense of light and shade, of proportion, and of variety, so essential to successful public speaking.

THE WONDERS OF THE DAWN

EDWARD EVERETT

Albany, N Y., Aug. 28, 1856

MUCH as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston ; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, mid-summer's night—the sky was without a cloud—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day ; the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east ; Lyra sparkled near the zenith ; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south ; the steady pointers far beneath the pole looked meekly up from the depth of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible ; the intense blue of

the sky began to soften ; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest ; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together ; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens : the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray ; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes ; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky ; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance ; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

AVALANCHES OF THE JUNGFRAU

G. B. CHEEVER

Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc

SUDDENLY an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it, delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular; then pours the whole cataract over the gulf, with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to which nothing but the noise of Niagara in its sublimity is comparable.

Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the surface of the mountain, with an awful, majestic slow-

ness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice. Here its progress is slower; and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments, as they drop out of sight, with a dead weight, into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there forever.

Figure to yourself a cataract like that of Niagara, poured in foaming grandeur, not merely over one great precipice of two hundred feet, but over the successive ridgy precipices of two or three thousand, in the face of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, and tumbling, crashing, thundering down with a continuous din of far greater sublimity than the sound of the grandest cataract. The roar of the falling mass begins to be heard the moment it is loosened from the mountain; it pours on with the sound of a vast body of rushing water; then comes the first great concussion, a booming crash of thunders, breaking on the still air in mid-heaven; your breath is suspended, and you listen and look; the mighty glittering mass shoots headlong over the main precipice, and the fall is so great that it produces to the eye that impression of dread majestic slowness of which I have spoken, though it is doubtless more rapid than Niagara. But if you should see the cataract of Niagara itself coming down five thousand feet above you in the air, there would be the same impression. The image remains in the mind, and can never fade from it; it is as if you had seen an alabaster cataract from heaven. The sound is far more sublime than that of Niagara, because of the preceding stillness in those Alpine solitudes. In the midst of such silence and solem-

nity, from out the bosom of those glorious, glittering forms of nature, comes that rushing, crashing thunder-burst of sound! If it were not that your soul, through the eye, is as filled and fixed with the sublimity of the vision as, through the sense of hearing, with that of the audible report, methinks you would wish to bury your face in your hands, and fall prostrate, as at the voice of the Eternal.

THE FIRST VIEW OF THE HEAVENS

O. M. MITCHEL

Cincinnati College, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1842

OFTEN have I swept backward, in imagination, six thousand years, and stood beside our great ancestor, as he gazed for the first time upon the going down of the sun. What strange sensations must have swept through his bewildered mind, as he watched the last departing ray of the sinking orb, unconscious whether he should ever behold its return.

Wrapped in a maze of thought, strange and startling, he suffers his eye to linger long about the point at which the sun had slowly faded from view. A mysterious darkness creeps over the face of Nature; the beautiful scenes of earth are slowly fading, one by one, from his dimmed vision.

A gloom deeper than that which covers earth steals across the mind of earth's solitary inhabitant. He raises his inquiring gaze toward heaven; and lo! a silver crescent of light, clear and beautiful, hanging in the western sky, meets his astonished gaze. The young moon charms his untutored vision, and leads him upward to her bright attendants, which are now stealing, one by one, from out the deep blue sky. The solitary gazer bows, wonders, and adores.

The hours glide by ; the silver moon is gone ; the stars are rising, slowly ascending the heights of heaven, and solemnly sweeping downward in the stillness of the night. A faint streak of rosy light is seen in the east ; it brightens ; the stars fade ; the planets are extinguished ; the eye is fixed in mute astonishment on the growing splendor, till the first rays of the returning sun dart their radiance on the young earth and its solitary inhabitant.

The curiosity excited on this first solemn night, the consciousness that in the heavens God hath declared his glory, the eager desire to comprehend the mysteries that dwell in their bright orbs, have clung, through the long lapse of six thousand years, to the descendants of him who first watched and wondered. In this boundless field of investigation, human genius has won its most signal victories.

Generation after generation has rolled away, age after age has swept silently by ; but each has swelled, by its contributions, the stream of discovery. Mysterious movements have been unravelled ; mighty laws have been revealed ; ponderous orbs have been weighed ; one barrier after another has given way to the force of intellect ; until the mind, majestic in its strength, has mounted, step by step, up the rocky height of its self-built pyramid, from whose star-crowned summit it looks out upon the grandeur of the universe self-clothed with the pre-science of a God.

REGULUS TO THE CARTHAGINIANS

E. KELLOGG

THE beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage, and given, with its rich and mellow light, a tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts of the outer harbor. Sheltered by the verdant shores, an hundred triremes were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen beaks glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflicts with the fleets of Rome.

No murmur of business or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal, the priest his sanctuary, and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd that, anxious and agitated, were rushing toward the senate-house, startled by the report that Regulus had returned to Carthage.

Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot, they rushed, furious with anger and eager for revenge. Fathers were there, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome; and gray-haired men and matrons, whom the Roman sword had left childless.

But when the stern features of Regulus were seen,

and his colossal form towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome; when the news passed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had urged to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and the Carthaginians,—the multitude swayed to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest, and the rage and hate of that tumultuous throng vented itself in groans, and curses, and yells of vengeance. But calm, cold, and immovable as the marble walls around him stood the Roman; and he stretched out his hand over that frenzied crowd, with gesture as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts of Rome.

The tumult ceased; the curse, half muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense was the silence, that the clanking of the brazen manacles upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon every ear in that vast assembly, as he thus addressed them:

“Ye doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted oath, rather than, returning, brook your vengeance. If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life.

“I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them. Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my char-

iot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

“The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome’s proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did with fondest memory of bygone hours entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer’s brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.”

“Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange, ominous sound: it seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanking as they marched, when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me: ‘Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city; know that, in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their

conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter.' And then he vanished.

[“And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw, your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators! thy citizens in terror! thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts! Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of God is on thee—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea.”]

CHAPTER VI

CONTRAST

THE contrast is an artistic device by means of which any given idea is made more striking by setting it over against its opposite. Sometimes the contrast is merely of ideas, but quite as often it is of emotional states. To make this distinction clear let the student compare the second paragraph of *Tact and Talent* with the second paragraph of *Spartacus to the Gladiators*. In the former, Tact is set over against Talent, and there is virtually but one mood. In the latter, we have a touching picture of the happy early life of Spartacus contrasted with the ruin and desolation of his home after the invasion of the Romans. As Spartacus dwells upon his boyhood days, and especially the loving care of his mother, his voice is full of tenderness; but in a moment this gives way to grief, violent rage, and feelings of revenge, as he recalls the massacre of his parents and the ruin of his home.

TACT AND TALENT

LONDON ATLAS

TALENT is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable ; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch ; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times ; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world ; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill ; talent is weight, tact is momentum ; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it ; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected ; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact ; but they are seldom together : so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that tact has no weight to carry ; it makes no false steps ; it hits the right nail on the head ; it loses no time ; it takes all hints ; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers ; talent may obtain a good living, tact will make one ; talent gets a good name, tact a great one ; talent convinces, tact converts ; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes ; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship : it wants no drilling ; it never ranks in the awkward squad ; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

ROME AND CARTHAGE

VICTOR HUGO

RÔME and Carthage! behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization; she can mount no higher; any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to get. All is before her, nothing behind.

For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each, for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart! Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend; with their contact must come the thunder shock. The catastrophe of this splendid drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races,

that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two nations, the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics, the one theocratic, the other aristocratic;—Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet: Carthage, old, rich, and crafty; Rome, young, poor, robust; the past, and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, and the demon of war; the East and South on one side, the West and North on the other; in short, two worlds,—the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe.

They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers; she utters that cry of anguish, "Hannibal at the gates!" But she rallies, collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort, throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

E. KELLOGG

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away ; the roar of the lion had ceased ; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach ; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them :

“ Ye call me chief ; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did

believe my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron-groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when at noon I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together of our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse, and the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

“To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor

that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay. And the prætor drew back, as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans.' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe;—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled.

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterees upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the

butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ. Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades, warriors, Thracians,—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves*! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors*! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!”

CHAPTER VII

CLIMAX*

GENUNG says of Climax: "This figure, which depends upon the law that a thought must have *progress*, is the ordering of thought and expression so that there shall be uniform and evident increase in significance, or interest, or intensity."

The climax of Significance is illustrated in—

The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal, the priest the sanctuary, and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement.

The artisan, who could ill afford to lose his day's labor, had left his shop to join the throng that was taking its way to the great square of the city. The judge, whose duty it was to administer justice, could not refrain from joining the crowd. The priest, whose sacred office was to tend the altars of the gods, he too, for once, was neglecting his duty. And even the stern stoic, whose philosophy taught him to remain unmoved under any and all conditions of life, even he, perforce, must mix with the multitude thronging the Carthaginian streets. Each succeed-

*The following presentation is taken with slight modification from *Principles of Vocal Expression*, by Chamberlain and Clark.

ing clause presents to us a more unusual disturbance of the normal condition of Carthaginian affairs; and the climax is reached when the man whose whole philosophy teaches him never to be moved, even he, is impelled to do violence to his life-long convictions.

The following illustrates the climax of Intensity:

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms! Never! Never! Never!

The verbal expression does not progress; and yet the emotion, increasing in force as the mind dwells upon the thought, finds vent in increasing intensity of vocal expression. Greater intensity is not necessarily greater loudness or higher pitch; but greater intensity of feeling, which may result in greater loudness or higher pitch, or, on the other hand, in lower pitch and more controlled or more dignified expression.

We have thus far been considering simple and palpable forms of climaxes. Let us turn now to the examination of the more difficult and complex. We recall the fact that Marullus, in the play of *Julius Caesar*, is greatly surprised that the citizens of Rome should dress themselves in their best garb and make holiday to celebrate the return of Cæsar. One of the crowd remarks that they make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph, whereupon Marullus addresses them in the speech given below.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Julius Caesar, Act I, Sc. 1.

The first three ideas comprise a climax of Significance. In line 4 we have another climax, reaching its height on the word "worse." Then with "many a time and oft" begins another climax, which, with occasional diminutions, continues to "shores." In the next four lines we have a climax which is intensified by contrast. The word "now" is full of reproof and condemnation; and by the time the speaker utters the words "over Pompey's blood," he is so overcome with the thought of the enormity of the crime that, with the utmost fervor, he urges the mob to run to their houses and pray to the gods to refrain from visiting upon their heads the rightful punishment for

their crime. We must not lose sight of the fact that, throughout the speech, as the emotion of Marullus increases, we shall have a climax of Intensity.

In oratory the ordinary climax of Significance presents no great difficulty. As soon as the student appreciates the growth in significance, he will manifest that increase in greater intensity of expression. It may be well to repeat that the increase need not be in loudness, nor is it necessary that the pitch of the voice be raised ; but there will unquestionably be some form of climax in the expression. The difficulty begins when the climax is made up of smaller climaxes, as in the example from *Julius Caesar*, or when a climax is, so to speak, one of considerable length. In the latter case, the utmost care must be used to husband one's resources, so that when the moment of intensest feeling is reached, there shall be sufficient power to produce the required result. The student, then, is advised to determine carefully that point in his oration where the strongest effect is to be made, and then to be careful to subordinate all other effects to that of climax.

CASSIUS' COMPLAINT OF CÆSAR.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our father say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

[Shout

Julius Cæsar, Act I, Sc. 2.

After this chapter has been studied the student is advised to review the selections in Chapters I and II. When these were first studied it was sufficient if the student approximated the spirit of directness and earnestness, even though there were palpable deficiencies in detail. Let him now strive to bring out the detail, and to combine directness, earnestness, and dignity in each selection.

LIBERTY AND UNION

DANIEL WEBSTER

United States Senate, January 26, 1830

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recesses behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accus-

tomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterward; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*

Part Three

STYLES OF DELIVERY

CHAPTER VIII

THE COLLOQUIAL STYLE

BROADLY considered, there are three styles of delivery: **the colloquial, the elevated, and the impassioned.** The delivery of almost any oration will require all of these styles, but for the purpose of training it is best to consider them separately.

The colloquial style is the basis of effective public speaking. By colloquial is not meant careless and commonplace speaking, but simple, direct, and dignified conversation. The presentation of facts arguments, simple narration and description, not accompanied by strong emotion, will generally be in colloquial style.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

(Hamlet, Act III, Sc 2.)

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and

beget a temperance that may give it a smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod ; pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

ELOQUENCE OF O'CONNELL

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Boston, August 6, 1875.

BROADLY considered, O'Connell's eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak the English tongue in my day!" I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate: I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had: it has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean; but, I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equalled O'Connell.

Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never, since the great Greek, has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive, like that of Jupiter.

* Copyright by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face, and precipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal. Nor had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all. These physical advantages are half the battle. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the Whig party thought of dissolution, and went down to Faneuil Hall to protest. Drawing himself up to his loftiest proportion, his brow clothed with thunder, before the listening thousands, he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Faneuil Hall Whig, a Revolutionary Whig, a Constitutional Whig; if you break the Whig party, sir, where am I to go?" And says Lowell, "We held our breath, thinking where he could go. If he had been five feet three, we should have said, 'Who cares where you go?'" So it was with O'Connell; there was something majestic in his presence before he spoke; and he added to it, what Webster had not, but Clay might have lent, grace. Lithe as a boy at seventy, every attitude a picture, every gesture a grace, he was still all nature, nothing but nature seemed to speak all over him.

He had a voice that covered the gamut. I heard him once say, "I send my voice across the Atlantic, careering like the thunder-storm against the breeze, to tell the slave-holder of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking." You seemed to hear the tones coming back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a

story, while all Exeter Hall shook with laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. His marvellous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness,

“ Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went ;
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.”

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

HENRY W. GRADY

Elberton, Ga., June, 1889.

I WENT to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill ; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds and the old, open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, holding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep, patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man—while a startled bird called from the

forest, and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky—got the family around him, and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's benediction on that family and on that home. And while I gazed, the vision of that marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said, "Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE*

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Concord, Mass., April 19, 1875

THE first imposing armed movement against the colonies, on the 19th of April, 1775, did not take the people by surprise. For ten years they had seen the possibility, for five years the probability, and for at least a year the certainty of the contest. They quietly organized, watched, and waited. As the spring advanced, it was plain that some movement would be made. On Tuesday, the 18th, Gage, the British commander, who had decided to send a force to Concord to destroy the stores, picketed the roads from Boston into Middlesex to prevent any report of the intended march from spreading into the country. But the very air was electric. In the tension of the popular mind every sight and sound was significant.

It was part of Gage's plan to seize Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington; and on the evening of the 18th, the Committee of Safety at Cambridge sent them word to beware, for suspicious officers were abroad. In the afternoon one of the governor's grooms strolled into a stable where John Ballard was cleaning a horse. John Ballard was a Son of Liberty, and when the groom idly hinted at what might take place next morning, John's heart leaped

* *From Orations and Addresses by George William Curtis. Copyright, 1894, by Harper and Brothers.*

and his hand shook ; and, asking the groom to finish cleaning the horse, he ran to a friend, who carried the news straight to Paul Revere, who told him he had already heard it from two other persons.

That evening, at ten o'clock, eight hundred British troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, took boat at the foot of the Common and crossed to the Cambridge shore. Gage thought his secret had been kept, but Lord Percy, who had heard the people say on the Common that the troops would miss their aim, undeceived him. Gage instantly ordered that no one should leave the town. But as the troops crossed the river, Ebenezer Dorr, with a message to Hancock and Adams, was riding over the Neck to Roxbury, and Paul Revere was rowing over the river to Charlestown, having agreed with his friend, Robert Newman, to show lanterns from the belfry of the Old North Church—"One if by land, and two if by sea"—as a signal of the march of the British.

Already the moon was rising, and while the troops were stealthily landing at Lechmere Point, their secret was flashing out into the April night ; and Paul Revere, springing into the saddle, upon the Charlestown shore, spurred away into Middlesex. "How far that little candle throws its beams !" The modest spire yet stands, revered relic of the old town of Boston, of those brave men and of their deeds. Startling the land that night with the warning of danger, let it remind the land forever of the patriotism with which that danger was averted, and for our children, as for our fathers, still stand secure, the Pharos of American liberty.

It was a brilliant night. The winter had been unusually mild, and the spring very forward. The hills were already green. The early grain waved in the

fields, and the air was sweet with the blossoming orchards. Already the robins whistled, the blue-birds sang, and the benediction of peace rested upon the landscape. Under the cloudless moon the soldiers silently marched, and Paul Revere swiftly rode, galloping through Medford and West Cambridge, rousing every house as he went spurring for Lexington and Hancock and Adams, and evading the British patrols who had been sent out to stop the news.

Stop the news! Already the village churches were beginning to ring the alarm, as the pulpits beneath them had been ringing for many a year. In the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal-guns flashed and echoed. The watch-dogs barked, the cocks crew. Stop the news!—Stop the sunrise! The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, so desired. And as long ago the voice rang out at midnight along the Syrian shore wailing that great Pan was dead, but in the same moment the choiring angels whispered, —“Glory to God in the highest, for Christ is born!” so, if the stern alarm of that April night seemed to many a wistful and loyal heart to portend the passing glory of the British dominion and the tragical chance of war, it whispered to them with prophetic inspiration,—“Good will to men, America is born!”

CHAPTER IX

THE ELEVATED STYLE

ALL public speaking is accompanied by a certain amount of emotion which we may call animation or enthusiasm. But when the speaker leaves the mere presentation of fact and argument, and appeals to the feelings of his audience, the colloquial style, in which he has been speaking, naturally gives way to a more impressive manner which we may call the elevated style.

In practising the following examples, the student should remember what was stated in the chapter on Dignity : that however intense the feeling, there should always be emotional poise and self command

A REMINISCENCE OF LEXINGTON

THEODORE PARKER

ONE raw morning in spring—it will be eighty years the 19th day of this month—Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that Great Deliverance, were both at Lexington; they also had “obstructed an officer” with brave words. British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them and carry them over sea for trial, and so nip the bud of Freedom auspiciously opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight, “for training.” A great, tall man, with a large head and a high, wide brow, their captain,—one who had “seen service,”—marshalled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade “every man load his piece with powder and ball. I will order the first man shot that runs away,” said he, when some faltered. “Don’t fire unless fired upon, but if they want to have a war, let it begin here.”

Gentlemen, you know what followed; those farmers and mechanics “fired the shot heard round the world.” A little monument covers the bones of such as before had pledged their fortune and their sacred honor to the Freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town, and bred up amid the memories of that day. When a boy, my mother lifted me up, one Sunday, in her religious, patriotic arms, and held

me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw—"Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind."

Since then I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome, in many an ancient town; nay, on Egyptian obelisks, have read what was written before the Eternal roused up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt, but no chiselled stone has ever stirred me to such emotion as these rustic names of men who fell "In the Sacred Cause of God and their Country."

Gentlemen, the Spirit of Liberty, the Love of Justice, was early fanned into a flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolk; it was their blood which reddened the long, green grass at Lexington. It was my own name which stands chiseled on that stone; the tall Captain who marshalled his fellow farmers and mechanics into stern array, and spoke such brave and dangerous words as opened the war of American Independence,—the last to leave the field,—was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible, and with a musket he that day captured from the foe, I learned also another religious lesson, that "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God." I keep them both "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind," to use them both "In the Sacred Cause of God and my Country."

DEATH OF GARFIELD

JAMES G. BLAINE

Halls of Congress, February 26, 1882

SURELY, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell! What brilliant, broken plans! What baffled high ambitions! What sundering of strong, warm man-

hood's friendships! What bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him, a proud, expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's days of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and darkness, and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Though masterful in his mortal weakness, enshrined in the prayers of a world, all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him in his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live, or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices . . . Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

PLYMOUTH ROCK

DANIEL WEBSTER

Plymouth Mass., December 22, 1820

WE have come to Plymouth Rock, to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers, our sympathy in their sufferings, our gratitude for their labors, our admiration of their virtues, our veneration for their piety, and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty for which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and to establish. And we would leave here, also, for the generations which are rising up rapidly to fill our places, some proof that we have endeavored to transmit the great inheritance unimpaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard for whatever advances human knowledge, or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin.

When the traveller pauses on the plain of Marathon, what are the emotions which most strongly agitate his breast? What is the glorious recollection which thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed, but

that Greece herself was saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her governments and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or the Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun. "If we conquer," said the Athenian commander, on the approach of that decisive day,—“if we conquer, we shall make Athens the greatest city of Greece.” A prophecy how well fulfilled!

“If God prosper us,” might have been the more appropriate language of our fathers when they landed upon this rock,—“if God prosper us, we shall here begin a work which shall last for ages; we shall plant here a new society in the principles of the fullest liberty and the purest religion; we shall subdue this wilderness which is before us; we shall fill the region of the great continent, which stretches almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity; the temples of the true God shall rise where now ascends the smoke of idolatrous sacrifice; fields and gardens, the flowers of summer, and the waving and golden harvest of autumn, shall spread over a thousand hills, and stretch along a thousand valleys, never yet, since the creation, reclaimed to the use of civilized man. We shall whiten this coast with the canvas of a prosperous commerce; we shall stud the long and winding shore with a hundred cities. That which we sow in weakness shall be raised in

strength. From our sincere but houseless worship there shall spring splendid temples to record God's goodness; from the simplicity of our social union there shall arise wise and politic constitutions of government, full of the liberty which we ourselves bring and breathe; from our zeal for learning, institutions shall spring which shall scatter the light of knowledge throughout the land, and, in time, paying back where they have borrowed, shall contribute their part to the great aggregate of human knowledge; and our descendants, through all generations, shall look back to this spot and to this hour with unabated affection and regard."

CHAPTER X

THE IMPASSIONED STYLE

THE impassioned style is that form of utterance which is the manifestation of intensest feeling. It differs from the elevated only in degree.

The purpose of the exercises in this chapter is to train the student in the controlled expression of the most intense emotion. In oratory we find this impassioned utterance, generally, when the speaker has the design to move his audience to definite choice or action.

In concluding the study of styles, it is well to remind the student that each of the forms of utterance here discussed is appropriate, and even necessary, under certain circumstances. Many speakers in their desire to avoid affectation deliver the profoundest truths in a colloquial manner that reduces them to mere commonplaces. Again, others express simple statements in a manner so elevated as to be out of all harmony with the ideas presented. However, the student's greatest danger lies in the use of the impassioned style. In dramatic work it is often necessary to present a character as entirely lacking in self-control, but such a condition is never present in the realm of oratory. Let the pupil abandon himself

to the delivery of the impassioned passages with all the fervor of which he is capable, but never, under any circumstances, allow the emotion to pass beyond his control.

HOTSPUR TO WORCESTER

(*1st Henry IV., Act I., Sc. 3.*)

Worcester. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hotspur. I'll keep them all ;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—*Mortimer!*

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

SHYLOCK FOR THE JEWS

(*Merchant of Venice, Act III., Sc. 1.*)

Salarin. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no ?

Shylock. There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the

Rialto ;—a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart ;—let him look to his bond ! he was wont to call me usurer ;— let him look to his bond ! he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond !

Salar. Why, I am sure if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for ?

Sly. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ! and what's his reason ? I am a Jew ! Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

AGAINST CURTAILING THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE

VICTOR HUGO

Paris, May 20, 1850

GENTLEMEN—I address the men who govern us and say to them: Go on, cut off three millions of voters; cut off eight out of nine, and the result will be the same to you, if it be not more decisive. What you do not cut off is your own faults; the absurdities of your policy of compression, your fatal incapacity, your ignorance of the present epoch, the antipathy you feel for it, and that it feels for you; what you will not cut off is the times which are advancing, the hour now striking, the ascending movement of ideas, the gulf opening broader and deeper between yourself and the age, between the young generation and you, between the spirit of liberty and you, between the spirit of philosophy and you.

What you will not cut off is this immense fact, that the nation goes to one side, while you go to the other; that what for you is the sunrise is for it the sun's setting; that you turn your backs to the future, while this great people of France, its front all radiant with light from the rising dawn of a new humanity, turns its back to the past.

Gentlemen, this law is invalid; it is null; it is

dead even before it exists. And do you know what has killed it? It is that, when it meanly approaches to steal the vote from the pocket of the poor and feeble, it meets the keen, terrible eye of the national probity, a devouring light, in which the work of darkness disappears.

Yes, men who govern us, at the bottom of every citizen's conscience, the most obscure as well as the greatest, at the very depths of the soul (I use your own expression) of the last beggar, the last vagabond, there is a sentiment, sublime, sacred, insurmountable, indestructible, eternal—the sentiment of right! This sentiment, which is the very essence of the human conscience, which the Scriptures call the corner-stone of justice, is the rock on which iniquities, hypocrisies, bad laws, evil designs, bad governments, fall, and are shipwrecked. This is the hidden, irresistible obstacle, veiled in the recesses of every mind, but ever present, ever active, on which you will always exhaust yourselves; and which, whatever you do, you will never destroy. I warn you, your labor is lost; you will not extinguish it, you will not confuse it. Far easier to drag the rock from the bottom of the sea, than the sentiment of right from the heart of the people!

ON THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL

DANIEL O'CONNELL

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House;—I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong, toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation: it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the Press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen. Against the bill I protest, in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertion that grievances are not to be complained of—that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrance cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

The clause which does away with the trial by jury—what, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the Throne itself—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate,

your commons assemble. If ever I doubted, before, of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill—this infamous bill—the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? Oh, they will be heard there!—yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation—they will say, “We are eight millions, and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!”

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country. I have opposed this measure throughout, and I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust:—as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime;—as tyrannous—cruelly and vindictively tyrannous!

Part Four

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE

CHAPTER XI

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE

RHETORICIANS recognize five forms of discourse : Description, Narration, Exposition, Argumentation, and Persuasion. In this chapter will be found, in the order in which they are named above, an example of each of the first four forms and several of the last. This material is inserted to afford opportunity for practice in the styles discussed in the preceding chapter and may do much to lay the foundations for original composition.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

J. T. HEADLEY

(Napoleon and his Marshals, Vol. I.)

At length Moscow, with its domes, and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but, as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as they passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions, he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sank to rest, but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and

oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital.

When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets ; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors, and bedrooms, and chambers, all furnished, and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was settling over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier ; and the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced, the Burning of Moscow.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when, at daylight, Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The marshal simply pointed to some iron covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned toward the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, September 15th, 1812, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces,

and the cry of "Fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene was now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping through the air and lighting on the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings, and the next moment light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments.

All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and a wild tempest, that swept like the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm; while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving toward the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames, struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration. He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned—a day of tempest and of flame—and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving to and fro in the blast.

The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose

to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning embers, were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it; but they had entered still further into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye round the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke, and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on; and, at length, half-suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrousky, nearly three miles distant.

Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes, canopied by flame and smoke, and cinders, surrounded by walls of fire, that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with

them red-hot roofs of iron ; he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle, without fear ; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces, and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery ; and before this new foe, in the midst of the battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle, the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames ; the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowing with a red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin.

Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents ; the strong, the weak ; while thousands were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames.

This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it, and flee for their lives. O, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and closely-packed city of houses, and churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight the world will seldom see.

But this was within the city. To Napoleon, without, the scene was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, again emerging into view, standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like Virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements.

Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterward: "It was a spectacle of a sea and

billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of flame above. O, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

VICTOR HUGO

Les Misérables

HAD it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water more or less prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of Austerlitz, Providence needed only a little rain, and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world.

The battle of Waterloo—and this gave Blücher time to come up—could not be commenced before half-past eleven. Why? Because the ground was soft. It was necessary to wait for it to acquire some little firmness so that the artillery could manœuvre.

Had the ground been dry, and the artillery able to move, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been won and finished at two o'clock, three hours before the Prussians turned the scale of fortune.

How much fault is there on the part of Napoleon in the loss of this battle? Is the shipwreck to be imputed to the pilot? His plan of battle was, all confess, a masterpiece. To march straight to the centre of the allied line, pierce the enemy, cut them in two, push the British half upon Hal and the Prussian half upon Tongres, make of Wellington and

Blücher two fragments, carry Mont Saint Jean, seize Brussels, throw the German into the Rhine, and the Englishman into the sea. All this, for Napoleon, was in this battle. What would follow, anybody can see.

Those who would get a clear idea of the battle of Waterloo have only to lay down upon the ground in their mind a capital A. The left stroke of the A is the road from Nivelles, the right stroke is the road from Genappe, the cross of the A is the sunken road from Ohan to Braine-l'Alleud. The top of the A is Mont Saint Jean, Wellington is there; the left-hand lower point is Hougomont, Reille is there with Jerome Bonaparte; the right-hand lower point is La Belle Alliance, Napoleon is there. A little below the point where the cross of the A meets and cuts the right stroke, is La Haie Sainte. At the middle of this cross is the precise point where the final battle-word was spoken. There the lion is placed, the involuntary symbol of the supreme heroism of the Imperial Guard. The triangle contained at the top of the A, between the two strokes and the cross, is the plateau of Mont Saint Jean. The struggle for this plateau was the whole of the battle. The wings of the two armies extended to the right and left of the two roads from Genappe and from Nivelles; D'Erlon being opposite Picton, Reille opposite Hill. Behind the point of the A, behind the plateau of Mont Saint Jean, is the forest of Soignes. As to the plain itself, we must imagine a vast undulating country; each wave commanding the next, and these undulations rising toward Mont Saint Jean are there bounded by the forest.

Both generals had carefully studied the plain of Mont Saint Jean, now called the plain of Waterloo. Already in the preceding year, Wellington, with the

sagacity of prescience, had examined it as a possible site for a great battle. On this ground and for this contest Wellington had the favorable side, Napoleon the unfavorable. The English army was above, the French army below.

Everybody knows the first phase of this battle ; the difficult opening, uncertain, hesitating, threatening for both armies, but for the English still more than for the French.

It had rained all night : the ground was softened by the shower ; water lay here and there in the hollows of the plain as in basins ; at some points the wheels sank in to the axles ; the horses' girths dripped with liquid mud ; had not the wheat and rye spread down by that multitude of advancing carts filled the ruts and made a bed under the wheels, all movements, particularly in the valleys on the side of Papelotte, would have been impossible.

The affair opened late ; Napoleon, as we have explained, had a habit of holding all his artillery in hand like a pistol, aiming now at one point, anon at another point of the battle, and he desired to wait until the field batteries could wheel and gallop freely ; for this the sun must come out and dry the ground. But the sun did not come out. He had not now the field of Austerlitz. When the first gun was fired, the English General Colville looked at his watch and noted that it was thirty-five minutes past eleven.

The battle was commenced with fury, more fury perhaps than the emperor would have wished, by the left wing of the French at Hougomont. At the same time Napoleon attacked the centre by hurling the brigade of Quiot upon La Haie Sainte, and Ney pushed the right wing of the French against the left wing of the English which rested upon Papelotte.

There is in this day from noon to four o'clock an obscure interval; the middle of this battle is almost indistinct, and partakes of the thickness of the conflict. However, in the afternoon, at a certain moment, the battle assumed precision.

Toward four o'clock the situation of the English army was serious. The Prince of Orange commanded the centre, Hill the right wing, Picton the left wing. The Prince of Orange, desperate and intrepid, cried to the Hollando-Belgians: *Nassau! Brunswick! never retreat!* Hill, exhausted, had fallen back upon Wellington, Picton was dead. At the very moment that the English had taken from the French the colors of the 105th of the line, the French had killed General Picton by a ball through the head. For Wellington the battle had two points of support, Hougomont and La Haie Sainte; Hougomont still held out, but was burning; La Haie Sainte had been taken. Of the German battalion which defended it, forty-two men only survived; all the officers, except five, were dead or prisoners. Three thousand combatants were massacred in that grange. A sergeant of the English Guards, the best boxer in England, reputed invulnerable by his comrades, had been killed by a little French drummer. Baring had been dislodged, Alten put to the sword. Several colors had been lost, one belonging to Alten's division, and one to the Luneburg battalion, borne by a prince of the family of Deux-Ponts. The Scotch Grays were no more; Ponsonby's heavy dragoons had been cut to pieces. That valiant cavalry had given way before the lancers of Bro and the cuirassiers of Travers; of their twelve hundred horses there remained six hundred; of three lieutenant-colonels, two lay on the ground, Hamilton

wounded, Mather killed. Ponsonby had fallen, pierced with seven thrusts of a lance. Gordon was dead, Marsh was dead. Two divisions, the fifth and the sixth, were destroyed.

Hougomont yielding, La Haie Sainte taken, there was but one knot left, the centre. That still held. Wellington reinforced it. He called thither Hill, who was at Merbe Braine, and Chassé, who was at Braine l'Alleud.

The centre of the English army, slightly concave, very dense and very compact, held a strong position. It occupied the plateau of Mont Saint Jean, with the village behind it and in front the declivity, which at that time was steep.

Wellington, anxious, but impassible, was on horse-back, and remained there the whole day in the same attitude, a little in front of the old mill of Mont Saint Jean, which is still standing, under an elm which an Englishman, an enthusiastic vandal, has since bought for two hundred francs, cut down and carried away. Wellington was frigidly heroic. The balls rained down. His aide-de-camp, Gordon, had just fallen at his side. Lord Hill, showing him a bursting shell, said: My Lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you allow yourself to be killed?—*To follow my example*, answered Wellington. To Clinton he said laconically: *Hold this spot to the last man*. The day was clearly going badly. Wellington cried to his old companions of Talavera, Vittoria, and Salamanca: *Boys! We must not be beat; what would they say of us in England!*

About four o'clock the English line staggered backward. All at once only the artillery and the sharpshooters were seen on the crest of the plateau,

the rest disappeared ; the regiments, driven by the shells and bullets of the French, fell back into the valley now crossed by the cow-path of the farm of Mont Saint Jean ; a retrograde movement took place, the battle front of the English was slipping away, Wellington gave ground. *Beginning retreat !* cried Napoleon.

At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont Saint Jean suddenly laid bare, and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flash of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignes and destroyed ; that was the final overthrow of England by France ; it was Cressy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

The emperor then contemplating this terrible turn of fortune, swept his glass for the last time over every point of the battle-field. His guard standing behind with grounded arms, looked up to him with a sort of religion. He was reflecting ; he was examining the slopes, noting the ascents, scrutinizing the tuft of trees, the square rye field, the footpath ; he seemed to count every bush. He looked for some time at the English barricades on the two roads, two large abattis of trees, that on the Genappe road above La Haie Sainte, armed with two cannon, which alone, of all the English artillery, bore upon the bottom of the field of battle, and that of the Nivelles road where glistened the Dutch bayonets of Chassé's brigade. He noticed near that barricade the old chapel of Saint Nicholas, painted white, which is at the corner of the cross-

road toward Braine l'Alleud. He bent over and spoke in an undertone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign of the head, probably treacherous.

The emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons. Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabres drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descending with an even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach.

An odd numerical coincidence; twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and, upon two lines—seven on the first, and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent, and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing

sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying, *Vive l'Empereur!* All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch, a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the Dubois brigade sank into this abyss

Here the loss of the battle began. At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked. Sixty cannons and the thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. The brave General Delord gave the military salute to the English battery. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated, but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in number, grew greater in heart. Wathier's column alone had suffered from the disaster; Delord's, which Ney had sent obliquely to the left, as if he had a presentiment of the snare, arrived entire. The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares. At full gallop, with free rein, their sabres in their teeth, and their pistols in their hands, the attack began. There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all this flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was frightful.

All sides of the English squares were attacked at once. A whirlwind of frenzy enveloped them. This frigid infantry remained impassable. The first rank, with knee on the ground, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets, the second shot them down; behind the second rank, the cannoneers loaded their guns, the front of the square opened, made way for an eruption of grape, and closed again. The cuirassiers answered by rushing upon them with crushing force. Their great horses reared, trampled upon the ranks, leaped over the bayonets, and fell, gigantic, in the midst of these four living walls. The balls made gaps in the ranks of the cuirassiers, the

cuirassiers made breaches in the squares. Files of men disappeared, ground down beneath the horses' feet.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army, but they multiplied themselves, each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great fatal blunder.

Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them the squares, behind them Somerset; Somerset, with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Dornberg with his German light-horse, and on his left Trip, with the Belgian carbineers. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable. The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of la Belle-Alliance.

The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first? Wellington felt that he was giving way. The crisis was upon him. The cuirassiers had not succeeded, in this sense, that the centre was not

broken. All holding the plateau, nobody held it, and in fact it remained for the most part with the English. Wellington held the village and the crowning plain; Ney held only the crest and the slope. On both sides they seemed rooted in this funereal soil.

But the enfeeblement of the English appeared irremediable. The hemorrhage of this army was horrible. Kempt, on the left wing, called for reinforcements. *Impossible*, answered Wellington; *we must die on the spot we now occupy*. Almost at the same moment—singular coincidence which depicts the exhaustion of both armies—Ney sent to Napoleon for infantry, and Napoleon exclaimed: *Infantry! where does he expect me to take them? Does he expect me to make them?* However, the English army was farthest gone. The furious onslaughts of these great squadrons with iron cuirasses and steel breastplates had ground up the infantry. At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these sombre words: *Blücher, or night!*

It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frischemont. Here is the turning-point in this colossal drama.

The rest is known; the irruption of a third army, the battle thrown out of joint, eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth, a new battle falling at night-fall upon our dismantled regiments, the whole English line assuming the offensive and pushed forward, the gigantic gap made in the French army, the English grape and Prussian grape lending mutual aid, extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank, the Guard entering into line amid this terrible crumbling.

Feeling that they were going to their death, they

cried out : *Vive l'Empereur !* There is nothing more touching in history than this death-agony bursting forth in acclamations.

Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. Friant, Michel, Roguet, Harlet, Mallet, Poret de Morvan, were there. When the tall caps of the Grenadiers of the Guard with their large eagle plates appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France ; they thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle, with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled ; but Wellington cried : *Up Guards, and at them !* The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up, a shower of grape riddled the tricolored flag fluttering about our eagles, all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom, and the vast overthrow of the rout ; they heard the *Sauve qui peut !* which had replaced the *Vive l'Empereur !* and, with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more and dying faster and faster at every step. There were no weak souls or cowards there. The privates of that band were as heroic as their general. Not a man flinched from the suicide.

The rout behind the Guard was dismal.

The army fell back rapidly from all sides at once. The cry : *Treachery !* was followed by the cry : *Sauve qui peut !* A disbanding army is a thaw. The whole bends, cracks, snaps, floats, rolls, falls, crashes, hurries, plunges. Mysterious disintegration. Ney borrows a horse, leaps upon him, and without hat, cravat, or sword, plants himself in the Brussels road,

arresting at once the English and the French. He endeavors to hold the army, he calls them back, he reproaches them, he grapples with the rout. He is swept away. The soldiers flee from him, crying: *Vive Marshal Ney!* Napoleon gallops along the fugitives, harangues them, urges, threatens, entreats. The mouths, which in the morning were crying *Vive l'Empereur*, are now agape; he is hardly recognized. The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, sabre, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off, the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in air, block up the road, and are accessories of the massacre. They crush and they crowd; they trample on the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by this flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the rye, passages forced at the point of the sword: no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with a bewildered eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again, mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

WATERLOO

VICTOR HUGO

Les Misérables

THE battle of Waterloo is an enigma. It is as obscure to those who won it as to him who lost it. To Napoleon it is a panic;* Blücher sees in it only fire; Wellington comprehends nothing of it. Look at the reports. The bulletins are confused, the commentaries are foggy. The former stammer, the latter falter. Jomini separates the battle of Waterloo into four periods; Muffling divides it into three tides of fortune; Charras alone, though upon some points our appreciation differs from his, has seized with his keen glance the characteristic lineaments of that catastrophe of human genius struggling with divine destiny. All the other historians are blinded by the glare, and are groping about in that blindness. A day of lightnings, indeed, the downfall of the military monarchy, which to the great amazement of kings, has dragged with it all kingdoms, the fall of force, the overthrow of war.

In this event, bearing the impress of superhuman necessity, man's part is nothing.

Does taking away Waterloo from Wellington and from Blücher detract anything from England and Germany? No. Neither illustrious England nor

* "A battle ended, a day finished, false measures repaired, greater success assured for the morrow, all was lost by a moment of panic."—(Napoleon, *Dictations at St. Helena.*)

august Germany is in question in the problem of Waterloo. Thank heaven, nations are great aside from the dismal chances of the sword. Neither Germany, nor England, nor France, is held in a scabbard. At this day, when Waterloo is only a clicking of sabres, above Blücher, Germany has Goethe, and above Wellington, England has Byron. A vast up-rising of ideas is peculiar to our century, and in this aurora England and Germany have a magnificent share. They are majestic because they think. The higher plane which they bring to civilization is intrinsic to them; it comes from themselves, and not from an accident. The advancement which they have made in the nineteenth century does not spring from Waterloo. It is only barbarous nations who have a sudden growth after a victory. It is the fleeting vanity of the streamlet swelled by the storm. Civilized nations, especially in our times, are not exalted nor abased by the good or bad fortune of a captain. Their specific gravity in the human race results from something more than a combat. Their honor, thank God, their dignity, their light, their genius, are not numbers that heroes and conquerors, those gamblers, can cast into the lottery of battles. Oftentimes a battle lost is progress attained. Less glory, more liberty. The drum is silent, reason speaks. It is the game at which he who loses, gains. Let us speak, then, coolly of Waterloo on both sides. Let us render unto Fortune the things that are Fortune's, and unto God the things that are God's. What is Waterloo? A victory? No. A prize.

A prize won by Europe, paid by France.

It was not much to put a lion there.

Waterloo moreover is the strangest encounter in history. Napoleon and Wellington: they are not

enemies, they are opposites. Never has God, who takes pleasure in antitheses, made a more striking contrast and a more extraordinary meeting. On one side, precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, retreat assured, reserves economized, obstinate composure, imperturbable method, strategy to profit by the ground, tactics to balance battalions, carnage drawn to the line, war directed watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to chance, ancient classic courage, absolute correctness ; on the other, intuition, inspiration, a military marvel, a superhuman instinct ; a flashing glance, a mysterious something which gazes like the eagle and strikes like the thunderbolt, prodigious art in disdainful impetuosity, all the mysteries of a deep soul, intimacy with destiny ; river, plain, forest, hill, commanded, and in some sort forced to obey, the despot going even so far as to tyrannize over the battle field ; faith in a star joined to strategic science, increasing it, but disturbing it. Wellington was the Barrême of war. Napoleon was its Michael Angelo, and this time genius was vanquished by calculation.

On both sides they were expecting somebody. It was the exact calculator who succeeded. Napoleon expected Grouchy ; he did not come. Wellington expected Blücher ; he came.

Wellington is classic war taking her revenge. Bonaparte, in his dawn, had met her in Italy, and defeated her superbly. The old owl fled before the young vulture. Ancient tactics had been not only thunderstruck, but had received mortal offence. What was this Corsican of twenty-six ? What meant this brilliant novice who, having everything against him, nothing for him, with no provisions, no munitions, no cannon, no shoes, almost without

an army, with a handful of men against multitudes, rushed upon allied Europe, and absurdly gained victories that were impossible? Whence came this thundering madman who, almost without taking breath, and with the same set of combatants in hand, pulverized one after the other the five armies of the Emperor of Germany? Who was this new comer in war with the confidence of destiny? The academic military school excommunicated him as it ran away. Thence an implacable hatred of the old system of war against the new, of the correct sabre against the flashing sword, and of the checker-board against genius. On the 18th of June, 1815, this hatred had the last word, and under Lodi, Montebello, Montenotte, Mantua, Marengo, Arcola, it wrote: Waterloo.

Waterloo is a battle of the first rank won by a captain of the second.

What is truly admirable in the battle of Waterloo is England, English firmness, English resolution, English blood; the superb thing which England had there—may it not displease her—is herself. It is not her captain, it is her army.

Wellington, strangely ungrateful, declared in a letter to Lord Bathurst that his army, the army that fought on the 18th of June, 1815, was a “detestable army.” What does this dark assemblage of bones, buried beneath the furrows of Waterloo, think of that?

England has been too modest in regard to Wellington. To make Wellington so great is to belittle England. Wellington is but a hero like the rest. These Scotch Grays, these Horse Guards, these regiments of Maitland and of Mitchell, this infantry of Peck and Kempt, this cavalry of Ponsonby and of

Somerset, these Highlanders playing the bagpipe under the storm of grape, these battalions of Rylandt, these raw recruits who hardly knew how to handle a musket, holding out against the veteran bands of Essling and Rivoli—all that is grand. Wellington was tenacious, that was his merit, and we do not undervalue it, but the least of his foot-soldiers or his horsemen was quite as firm as he. The iron soldier is as good as the Iron Duke. For our part, all our glorification goes to the English soldier, the English army, the English people. If trophy there be, to England the trophy is due. The Waterloo column would be more just if, instead of the figure of a man, it lifted to the clouds the statue of a nation.

But this great England will be offended at what we say here. She has still, after her 1688 and our 1789, the feudal illusion. She believes in hereditary right and in the hierarchy. This people, surpassed by none in might and glory, esteems itself as a nation, not as a people. So much so that as a people they subordinate themselves willingly, and take a lord for a head. Workmen, they submit to be despised; soldiers, they submit to be whipped. We remember that at the battle of Inkerman a sergeant who, as it appeared, had saved the army, could not be mentioned by Lord Raglan, the English military hierarchy not permitting any hero below the rank of officer to be spoken of in a report.

What we admire above all, in an encounter like that of Waterloo, is the prodigious skill of fortune. The night's rain, the wall of Hougomont, the sunken road of Ohain, Grouchy deaf to cannon, Napoleon's guide who deceives him, Bulow's guide who leads him right; all this cataclysm is wonderfully carried out.

Taken as a whole, let us say, Waterloo was more of a massacre than a battle.

Of all great battles, Waterloo is that which has the shortest line in proportion to the number engaged. Napoleon, two miles, Wellington, a mile and a half; seventy-two thousand men on each side. From this density came the carnage. A hundred and forty-four thousand men; sixty thousand dead.

The field of Waterloo to-day has that calm which belongs to the earth; impassive support of man; it resembles any other plain.

At night, however, a sort of visionary mist arises from it, and if some traveller be walking there, if he looks, if he listens, if he dreams like Virgil in the fatal plain of Philippi, he becomes possessed by the hallucination of the disaster. The terrible 18th of June is again before him; the artificial hill of the monument fades away, this lion, whatever it be, is dispelled; the field of battle resumes its reality; the lines of infantry undulate in the plain, furious gallops traverse the horizon; the bewildered dreamer sees the flash of sabres, the glistening of bayonets, the bursting of shells, the awful intermingling of the thunders; he hears, like a death-rattle from the depths of a tomb, the vague clamor of the phantom battle; these shadows are grenadiers; these gleams are cuirassiers; this skeleton is Napoleon; that skeleton is Wellington; all this is unreal, and yet it clashes and combats; and the ravines run red, and the trees shiver, and there is fury even in the clouds, and, in the darkness, all those savage heights, Mont Saint Jean, Hougomont, Frischemont, Papelotte, Planchenoit, appear confusedly crowned with whirlwinds of spectres exterminating each other.

AMERICAN TAXATION

EDMUND BURKE

House of Commons, April 19, 1774

[After the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, Great Britain adopted violent measures against the colonists. Laws were passed, depriving Massachusetts of her charter, and closing Boston Harbor against all commerce. There were some, however, who thought that these measures should be accompanied by an act of conciliation. Accordingly, Mr. Rose Fuller moved, "That the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole House, to take into consideration the duty of three pence per pound on tea, payable in all his Majesty's dominions in America, with a view to repealing the same." Mr. Burke seconded the motion, and supported it by a speech, of which the following is a part.]

SIR—I agree with the honorable gentleman¹ who spoke last, that this subject is not new in this House. Very disagreeably to this House, very unfortunately to this nation, and to the peace and prosperity of this whole empire, no topic has been more familiar to us. For nine long years, session after session, we have been lashed round and round this miserable circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. I am sure our heads must turn, and our stomachs nauseate with them. We have had them in every shape; we have looked at them in every point of view. Invention is exhausted; reason is

¹ Charles Wolfran Cornwall, Esq., one of the Lords of the Treasury, and afterward Speaker of the House of Commons.

fatigued ; experience has given judgment ; but obstinacy is not yet conquered.

The honorable gentleman has made one endeavor more to diversify the form of this disgusting argument. He has thrown out a speech composed almost entirely of challenges. Challenges are serious things ; and, as he is a man of prudence as well as resolution, I dare say he has very well weighed those challenges before he delivered them. I had long the happiness to sit at the same side of the House, and to agree with the honorable gentleman on all American questions. My sentiments, I am sure, are well known to him ; and I thought I had been perfectly acquainted with his. Though I find myself mistaken, he will still permit me to use the privilege of an old friendship ; he will permit me to apply myself to the House under the sanction of his authority ; and on the various grounds he has measured out, to submit to you the poor opinions which I have formed upon a matter of importance enough to demand the fullest consideration I could bestow upon it.

He has stated to the House two grounds of deliberation, one narrow and simple, and merely confined to the question on your paper ; the other more large and complicated, comprehending the whole series of the parliamentary proceedings with regard to America, their causes and their consequences.

Sir, I will freely follow the honorable gentleman in his historical discussion, without the least management for men or measures, farther than as they shall seem to me to deserve it. But before I go into that large consideration, because I would omit nothing that can give the House satisfaction, I wish to tread the narrow ground, to which alone the honor-

able gentleman, in one part of his speech, has so strictly confined us.

He desires to know, whether, if we were to repeal this tax agreeably to the proposition of the honorable gentleman who made the motion, the Americans would not *take post on this concession*, in order to make a new attack on the next body of taxes; and whether they would not call for a repeal of the duty on wine as loudly as they do now for the repeal of the duty on tea? Sir, I can give no security on this subject. But I will do all that I can, and all that can be fairly demanded. To the experience which the honorable gentleman reprobates in one instant and reverts to the next; to that experience, without the least wavering or hesitation on my part, I steadily appeal; and would to God there were no other arbiter to decide on the vote with which the House is to conclude this day!

When Parliament repealed the Stamp Act in the year 1766, I affirm, first, that the Americans did *not*, in consequence of this measure, call upon you to give up the former parliamentary revenue which subsisted in that country, or even any one of the articles which compose it. I affirm, also, that when, departing from the maxims of that repeal, you revived the scheme of taxation, and thereby filled the minds of the colonists with new jealousy, and all sorts of apprehension, then it was that they quarrelled with the old taxes as well as the new; then it was, and not till then, that they questioned all the parts of your legislative power; and by the battery of such questions have shaken the solid structure of this empire to its deepest foundations.

The act of 1767, which grants this tea duty, sets forth in its preamble that it was expedient to raise

a revenue in America for the support of the civil government there, as well as for purposes still more extensive. To this support the act assigns six branches of duties. About two years after this act passed, the ministry—I mean the present ministry—thought it expedient to repeal five of the duties, and to leave, for reasons best known to themselves, only the sixth standing. Suppose any person, at the time of that repeal, had thus addressed the minister: “Condemning, as you do, the repeal of the Stamp Act, why do you venture to repeal the duties upon glass, paper, and painter’s colors? Let your pretence for the repeal be what it will, are you not thoroughly convinced that your concessions will produce, not satisfaction, but insolence, in the Americans; and that the giving up these taxes will necessitate the giving up of all the rest?” This objection was as palpable then as it is now; and it was as good for preserving the five duties as for retaining the sixth.

But I hear it continually rung in my ears, now and formerly, “the *preamble!* what will become of the preamble, if you repeal this tax?” I am sorry to be compelled so often to expose the calamities and disgraces of Parliament. The preamble of this law, standing as it now stands, has the lie direct given to it by the provisionary part of the act; if that can be called provisionary which makes no provision. I should be afraid to express myself in this manner, especially in the face of such a formidable array of ability as is now drawn up before me, composed of the ancient household troops of that side of the House, and the new recruits from this, if the matter were not clear and indisputable. Nothing but truth could give me this firmness; but

plain truth and clear evidence can be beat down by no ability. The clerk will be so good as to turn to the act, and to read this favorite preamble.

[It was read in the following words :

“Whereas it is expedient that a revenue should be raised in your Majesty's dominions in America, for making a more certain and adequate provision for defraying the charge of the administration of justice and support of civil government in such provinces where it shall be found necessary, and toward farther defraying the expenses of defending, protecting, and securing the said dominions.”]

You have heard this pompous performance. Now where is the revenue which is to do all these mighty things? Five sixths repealed—abandoned—sunk—gone—lost forever. Does the poor solitary tea duty support the purposes of this preamble? Is not the supply there stated as effectually abandoned as if the tea duty had perished in the general wreck? Here, Mr. Speaker, is a precious mockery—a preamble without an act—taxes granted in order to be repealed—and the reasons of the grant still carefully kept up! This is raising a revenue in America! This is preserving dignity in England! If you repeal this tax in compliance with the motion, I readily admit that you lose this fair preamble. Estimate your loss in it. The object of the act is gone already; and all you suffer is the purging the statute-book of the opprobrium of an empty, absurd, and false recital.

It has been said again and again, that the five taxes were repealed on commercial principles. It is so said in the paper in my hand¹—a paper which

* Lord Hillsborough's circular letter to the governors of the colonies concerning the repeal of some of the duties laid in the act of 1767.

I constantly carry about, which I have often used, and shall often use again. What is gained by this paltry pretence of commercial principles I know not; for, if your government in America is destroyed by the repeal of taxes, it is of no consequence upon what ideas the repeal is grounded. Repeal this tax, too, upon commercial principles, if you please. These principles will serve as well now as they did formerly. But you know that, either your objection to a repeal from these supposed consequences has no validity, or that this pretence never could remove it. This commercial motive never was believed by any man, either in America, which this letter is meant to soothe, or in England, which it is meant to deceive. It was impossible it should; because every man, in the least acquainted with the detail of commerce, must know, that several of the articles on which the tax was repealed were fitter objects of duties than almost any other articles that could possibly be chosen; without comparison more so than the tea that was left taxed, as infinitely less liable to be eluded by contraband. The tax upon red and white lead was of this nature. You have, in this kingdom, an advantage in lead that amounts to a monopoly. When you find yourself in this situation of advantage, you sometimes venture to tax even your own export. You did so, soon after the last war, when, upon this principle, you ventured to impose a duty on coals. In all the articles of American contraband trade, who ever heard of the smuggling of red lead and white lead? You might, therefore, well enough, without danger of contraband, and without injury to commerce (if this were the whole consideration), have taxed these commodities. The same may be said of glass.

Besides, some of the things taxed were so trivial, that the loss of the objects themselves, and their utter annihilation out of American commerce, would have been comparatively as nothing. But is the article of tea such an object in the trade of England as not to be felt, or felt but slightly, like white lead, and red lead, and painters' colors? Tea is an object of far other importance. Tea is perhaps the most important object, taking it with its necessary connections, of any in the mighty circle of our commerce. If commercial principles had been the true motives to the repeal, or had they been at all attended to, *tea would have been the last article we should have left taxed for a subject of controversy.*

Do you forget that, in the very last year, you stood on the precipice of a general bankruptcy? Your danger was indeed great. You were distressed in the affairs of the East India Company; and you well know what sort of things are involved in the comprehensive energy of that significant appellation. I am not called upon to enlarge to you on that danger, which you thought proper yourselves to aggravate, and to display to the world with all the parade of indiscreet declamation. The monopoly of the most lucrative trades and the possession of imperial revenues had brought you to the verge of beggary and ruin. Such was your representation—such, in some measure, was your case. The vent of ten millions of pounds of this commodity, now locked up by the operation of an injudicious tax, and rotting in the warehouses of the company, would have prevented all this distress, and all that series of desperate measures which you thought yourselves obliged to take in consequence of it. America would have furnished that vent,

which no other part of the world can furnish but America ; where tea is next to a necessary of life, and where the demand grows upon the supply. I hope our dear-bought East India committees have done us at least so much good as to let us know, that without a more extensive sale of that article, our East India revenues and acquisitions can have no certain connection with this country. It is through the American trade of tea that your East India conquests are to be prevented from crushing you with their burden. They are ponderous indeed ; and they must have that great country to lean upon, or they tumble upon your head. It is the same folly that has lost you at once the benefit of the West and of the East. This folly has thrown open folding-doors to contraband, and will be the means of giving the profits of the trade of your colonies to every nation but yourselves. Never did a people suffer so much for the empty words of a preamble. It must be given up. For on what principle does it stand ? This famous revenue stands, at this hour, on all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive, but too comprehensive vocabulary of finance—a *pre-ambulatory tax*. It is, indeed, a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers, or satisfaction to the subject.

Well ! but, whatever it is, gentlemen will force the colonists to take the teas. You will force them ? Has seven years' struggle been yet able to force them ? O, but it seems we are yet in the *right*. The tax is "*trifling*" in effect, it is rather an exoneration than an imposition ; three fourths of the duty formerly payable on teas exported to America is taken

off; the place of collection is only shifted; instead of the retention of a shilling from the drawback here, it is threepence custom paid in America." All this, sir, is very true. But this is the very folly and mischief of the act. Incredible as it may seem, you know that you have deliberately thrown away a large duty which you held secure and quiet in your hands, for the vain hope of getting one three-fourths less, through every hazard, through certain litigation, and possibly through war.

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain high road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interest merely for the sake of insulting your colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of threepence. But no commodity will bear threepence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated, and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings.* Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble, of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

It is then, sir, upon the principle of this measure, and nothing else, that we are at issue. It is a principle of political expediency. Your act of 1767 as-

* The refusal of this celebrated man to pay "ship money," when illegally demanded by Charles I. is known to all.

serts that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America ; your act of 1769 [March, 1770], which takes away that revenue, contradicts the act of 1767 ; and, by something much stronger than words, asserts that it is not expedient. It is a reflection on your wisdom to persist in a solemn parliamentary declaration of expediency of any object, for which, at the same time, you make no sort of provision. And pray, sir, let not this circumstance escape you—it is very material—that the preamble of this act, which we wish to repeal, is not declaratory of a right, as some gentlemen seem to argue it ; it is only a recital of the expediency of a certain exercise of a right supposed already to have been asserted ; an exercise you are now contending for by ways and means, which you confess, though they were obeyed, to be utterly insufficient for their purpose. You are, therefore, at this moment in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom—a quiddity—a thing that wants not only a substance, but even a name ; for a thing which is neither abstract right, nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, sir, that your *dignity* is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible encumbrance to you, for it has of late been continually at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason ; show it to be common sense ; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end ; and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity, is more than ever I could discern. The honorable gentleman has said well—indeed, in most of his general observations I agree with him—he says, that this subject does not stand as it did formerly. Oh, certainly not ! every hour

you continue on this ill-chosen ground, your difficulties thicken on you; and, therefore, my conclusion is, remove from a bad position as quickly as you can. The disgrace, and the necessity of yielding, both of them, grow upon you every hour of your delay.

Sir, the honorable gentleman having spoken what he thought necessary upon the narrow part of the subject, I have given him, I hope, a satisfactory answer. He next presses me, by a variety of direct challenges and oblique reflections, to say something on the HISTORICAL PART. I shall therefore, sir, open myself fully on that important and delicate subject; not for the sake of telling you a long story (which I know, Mr. Speaker, you are not particularly fond of), but for the sake of the weighty instruction that, I flatter myself, will necessarily result from it. It shall not be longer, if I can help it, than so serious a matter requires.

[Mr. Burke then enters upon an extended review of the history of British finance, concluding his speech with the following summary and appeal:]

Now, sir, I trust I have shown, first, on that narrow ground which the honorable gentleman measured, that you are like to lose nothing by complying with the motion except what you have lost already. I have shown afterward, that in time of peace you flourished in commerce, and when war required it, had sufficient aid from the colonies, while you pursued your ancient policy; that you threw everything into confusion when you made the Stamp Act; and that you restored everything to peace and order when you repealed it. I have shown that the revival of the system of taxation has produced the very worst effects; and that the par-

tial repeal has produced, not partial good, but universal evil. Let these considerations, founded on facts, not one of which can be denied, bring us back to our reason by the road of our experience.

I cannot, as I have said, answer for mixed measures ; but surely this mixture of lenity would give the whole a better chance of success. When you once regain confidence, the way will be clear before you. Then you may enforce the Act of Navigation when it ought to be enforced. You will yourselves open it where it ought still farther to be opened. Proceed in what you do, whatever you do, from policy, and not from rancor. Let us act like men, let us act like statesmen. Let us hold some sort of consistent conduct. It is agreed that a revenue is not to be had in America. If we lose the profit, let us get rid of the odium.

On this business of America I confess I am serious even to sadness. I have had but one opinion concerning it since I sat, and before I sat, in Parliament. The noble Lord [Lord North] will, as usual, probably attribute the part taken by me and my friends in this business to a desire of getting his place. Let him enjoy this happy and original idea. If I deprived him of it, I should take away most of his wit and all his argument. But I had rather bear the brunt of all his wit, and, indeed, blows much heavier, than stand answerable to God for embracing a system that tends to the destruction of some of the very best and fairest of his works. But I know the map of England as well as the noble Lord or as any other person ; and I know that the way I take is not the road to preferment. My excellent and honorable friend under me on the floor [Mr. Dowdeswell] has trod that road with great toil for

upward of twenty years together. He is not yet arrived at the noble Lord's destination. However, the tracks of my worthy friend are those I have ever wished to follow, because I know they lead to honor. Long may we tread the same road together, whoever may accompany us, or whoever may laugh at us on our journey. I honestly and solemnly declare, I have in all seasons adhered to the system of 1766, for no other reason than that I think it laid deep in your truest interests; and that, by limiting the exercise, it fixes on the firmest foundations a real, consistent, well-grounded authority in Parliament. Until you come back to that system, there will be no peace for England.

HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE HARFLEUR.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favor'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noble English,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:—
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war:—And you, good yeo-
men,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt
not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

—*King Henry V., Act III., Sc. 1.*

AN APPEAL FOR LIBERTY

JOSEPH STORY

Salem, Mass., September 18, 1828

I CALL upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors—by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil—by all you are, and all you hope to be—resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not

your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No ; I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country.

PLEA FOR THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

WENDELL PHILLIPS

Boston, June 4, 1876

A HUNDRED years ago our fathers announced this sublime declaration, "God intended all men to be free and equal." To-day, with a territory that joins ocean to ocean, with her millions of people, with two wars behind her, with the sublime achievement of having grappled with the fearful disease that threatened her life, and broken four millions of fetters, the great Republic launches into the second century of her existence.

With how much pride, with what a thrill, with what tender and loyal reverence, may we not cherish the spot where this marvellous enterprise began, the roof under which its first councils were held, where the air still trembles and burns with Otis and Sam Adams. (Except the Holy City, is there any more memorable or sacred place, on the face of the earth, than the cradle of such a change?) Athens has her Acropolis, but the Greek can point to no such results. London has her Palace, and her Tower, and her St. Stephen's Chapel, but the human race owes her no such memories. France has spots marked, by the sublimest devotion, but the Mecca of the man who believes and hopes for the human race is not to Paris, it is to the seaboard cities of the great Re-

public.) And when the flag was assailed, and the regiments marched through the streets, what walls did they salute as the regimental flags floated by to Gettysburg and Antietam? These! Our boys carried down to the battle-fields the memory of State Street, of Faneuil Hall, of the Old South Church.

(We had signal prominence in those early days. It was on the men of Boston that Lord North visited his revenge. It was our port that was to be shut and its commerce annihilated. It was Sam Adams and John Hancock who enjoyed the everlasting reward of being the only names excepted from the royal proclamation of forgiveness. Here, Sam Adams, the ablest and ripest statesman God gave to the epoch, forecast those measures which welded thirteen colonies into one thunderbolt, and launched it at George the Third. Here, Otis magnetized every boy into a desperate rebel.)

The saving of this landmark is the best monument you can erect to the men of the Revolution. You spend thousands of dollars to put up a statue of some old hero. You want your sons to gaze upon the nearest approach to the features of those "dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns." But what is a statue of Cicero, compared to standing where your voice echoes from pillar and wall that actually heard his philippics? Scholars have grown old and blind, striving to put their hands on the very spot where bold men spoke or brave men died. Shall we tear in pieces the roof that actually trembled to the words that made us a nation? (It is impossible not to believe, if the spirits above us are permitted to know what passes in this terrestrial sphere, that Adams, and Warren, and Otis are to-day bending over us asking that the scene of

their immortal labors shall not be desecrated, or blotted from the sight of men.)

Consecrate it again to the memory and worship of a grateful people! Napoleon turned aside his Simplon road to save a tree Cæsar had once mentioned. Won't you turn a street, or spare a quarter of an acre, to remind boys what sort of men their fathers were? Think twice before you touch these walls. We are the world's trustees. (The Old South no more belongs to us, than Luther's or Hampden's or Brutus's name does to Germany, England, or Rome. Each and all are held in trust as torchlight guides and inspiration for any man struggling for justice and ready to die for truth. The worship of great memories, noble deeds, sacred places, is one of the keenest ripeners of such elements. Seize greedily on every chance to save and emphasize them.

Part Five
ORATIONS

CHAPTER XII

ORATIONS

THE concluding part contains representative orations selected from the broad field of British and American oratory. They have been chosen largely because of their **vital directness and simplicity of style**. From these orations the student may derive for himself many of the principles that will not only be of benefit to his delivery, but also will assist him to a clearer understanding of those laws that must govern in the construction of every true oration.

In preparing these selections the student should make a brief analysis of each, determining carefully the main purpose of the oration, the plan of development, and the feeling that prevails in each paragraph. Then, in his delivery, he may carry into practice all of the principles that have been presented in this book. It is deemed best to insert complete orations in this concluding chapter in order that the student may derive the benefit that can come only from contact with complete productions. For class use in declamation, however, certain portions may be omitted not only without loss to the student, but to his positive advantage.

REPEAL OF THE UNION

DANIEL O'CONNELL

Hill of Tara, August 15th, 1843

[“OF all mass meetings ever heard of, this was unquestionably the greatest. It was computed by reliable witnesses, not at all favorable to the cause which O'Connell espoused, that no fewer than a quarter of a million persons must have been present. They came from all parts of the country round, under the guidance of their parish priests.”]

FELLOW-IRISHMEN—It would be the extreme of affectation in me to suggest that I have not some claim to be the leader of this majestic meeting. It would be worse than affectation; it would be drivelling folly, if I were not to feel the awful responsibility to my country and my Creator which the part I have taken in this mighty movement imposes on me. Yes; I feel the tremendous nature of that responsibility. Ireland is roused from one end to the other. Her multitudinous population has but one expression and one wish, and that is for the extinction of the Union and the restoration of her nationality. [*A cry of “No compromise!”*] Who talks of compromise? I have come here, not for the purpose of making a schoolboy's attempt at declamatory eloquence, not to exaggerate the historical importance of the spot on which we now stand, or to endeavor to revive in your recollection any of those poetic imaginings respecting it which have

been as familiar as household words. But this it is impossible to conceal or deny, that Tara is surrounded by historical reminiscences which give it an importance worthy of being considered by everyone who approaches it for political purposes, and an elevation in the public mind which no other part of Ireland possesses. We are standing upon Tara of the Kings ; the spot where the monarchs of Ireland were elected, and where the chieftains of Ireland bound themselves, by the most solemn pledges of honor, to protect their native land against the Dane and every stranger. This was emphatically the spot from which emanated every social power and legal authority by which the force of the entire country was concentrated for the purposes of national defence.

On this spot I have a most important duty to perform. I here protest, in the name of my country and in the name of my God, against the unfounded and unjust Union. My proposition to Ireland is that the Union is not binding on her people. It is void in conscience and in principle, and as a matter of constitutional law I attest these facts. Yes, I attest by everything that is sacred, without being profane, the truth of my assertions. There is no real union between the two countries, and my proposition is that there was no authority given to anyone to pass the Act of Union. Neither the English nor the Irish Legislature was competent to pass that Act, and I arraign it on these grounds. One authority alone could make that Act binding, and that was the voice of the people of Ireland. The Irish Parliament was elected to make laws and not to make legislatures ; and, therefore, it had no right to assume the authority to pass the Act of Union. The

Irish Parliament was elected by the Irish people as their trustees ; the people were their masters, and the members were their servants, and had no right to transfer the property to any other power on earth. If the Irish Parliament had transferred its power of legislation to the French Chamber, would any man assert that the Act was valid? Would any man be mad enough to assert it ; would any man be insane enough to assert it, and would the insanity of the assertion be mitigated by sending any number of members to the French Chamber? Everybody must admit that it would not. What care I for France?—and I care as little for England as for France, for both countries are foreign to me. The very highest authority in England has proclaimed us to be aliens in blood, in religion, and in language. [*Groans.*] Do not groan him for having proved himself honest on one occasion by declaring my opinion. But to show the invalidity of the Union I could quote the authority of Locke on “Parliament.” I will, however, only detain you by quoting the declaration of Lord Plunket in the Irish Parliament, who told them that they had no authority to transfer the legislation of the country to other hands. As well, said he, might a maniac imagine that the blow by which he destroys his wretched body annihilates his immortal soul, as you to imagine that you can annihilate the soul of Ireland—her constitutional rights.

I need not detain you by quoting authorities to show the invalidity of the Union. I am here the representative of the Irish nation, and in the name of that moral, temperate, virtuous, and religious people, I proclaim the Union a nullity. Saurin, who had been the representative of the Tory party for twenty years, distinctly declared that the Act of

Union was invalid. He said that the Irish House of Commons had no right, had no power, to pass the Union, and that the people of Ireland would be justified, the first opportunity that presented itself, in effecting its repeal. So they are. The authorities of the country were charged with the enactment, the alteration, or the administration of its laws. These were their powers; but they had no authority to alter or overthrow the Constitution. I therefore proclaim the nullity of the Union. In the face of Europe I proclaim its nullity. In the face of France, especially, and of Spain, I proclaim its nullity; and I proclaim its nullity in the face of the liberated States of America. I go farther, and proclaim its nullity on the grounds of the iniquitous means by which it was carried. It was effected by the most flagrant fraud. A rebellion was provoked by the Government of the day, in order that they might have a pretext for crushing the liberties of Ireland. There was this addition to the fraud, that at the time of the Union, Ireland had no legal protection. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the lives and liberties of the people were at the mercy of courts martial. You remember the shrieks of those who suffered under martial law. One day, from Trim, the troops marched out and made desolate the country around them. No man was safe during the entire time the Union was under discussion. The next fraud was that the Irish people were not allowed to meet to remonstrate against it. Two county meetings, convened by the High Sheriffs of these counties, pursuant to requisitions presented to them, were dispersed at the point of the bayonet. In King's County the High Sheriff called the people together in the Court-house, and Colonel Connor of

the North Cork Militia, supported by artillery and a troop of horse, entered the Court-house at the head of 200 of his regiment and turned out the Sheriff, Magistrates, Grand Jurors, and freeholders assembled to petition against the enactment of the Union. [A VOICE.—“ *We'll engage they won't do it now !*”] In Tipperary a similar scene took place. A meeting convened by the High Sheriff was dispersed at the point of the bayonet. Thus public sentiment was stifled ; and if there was a compact, as is alleged, it is void on account of the fraud and force by which it was carried. But the voice of Ireland, though forcibly suppressed at public meetings, was not altogether dumb. Petitions were presented against the Union to which were attached no less than 770,000 signatures. And there were not 3,000 signatures for the Union, notwithstanding all the Government could do.

My next impeachment against the Union is the gross corruption with which it was carried. No less than £1,275,000 was spent upon the rotten boroughs, and £2,000,000 was given in direct bribery. There was not one office that was not made instrumental to the carrying of the measure. Six or seven judges were raised to the Bench for the votes they gave in its support ; and no less than twelve bishops were elevated to the Episcopal Bench for having taken the side of the Union ; for corruption then spared nothing to effect its purpose - corruption was never carried so far ; and if this is to be binding on the Irish nation, there is no use in honesty at all. Yet in spite of all the means employed, the enemies of Ireland did not succeed at once. There was a majority of eleven against the Union the first time. But before the proposition was brought forward a

second time, members who could not be influenced to vote for the measure were bribed to vacate their seats, to which a number of English and Scotch officers, brought over for the purpose, were elected, and by their votes the Union was carried. In the name of the great Irish nation I proclaim it a nullity. At the time of the Union the national debt of Ireland was only £20,000,000. The debt of England was £440,000,000. England took upon herself one-half of the Irish debt, but she placed upon Ireland one-half of the £440,000,000. England since that period has doubled her debt, and admitting a proportionate increase against Ireland, the Irish debt would not now be more than £40,000,000; and you may believe me when I say it in the name of the great Irish people, that we will never pay one shilling more. In fact, we owe but £30,000, as is clearly demonstrated in a book lately published by a near and dear relative of mine, Mr. John O'Connell, the member for Kilkenny. I am proud that a son of mine will be able, when the repeal is carried, to meet any of England's financiers, and to prove to them the gross injustice inflicted upon Ireland.

My next impeachment of the Union is its destructive and deleterious effect upon the industry and prosperity of the country. The county of Meath was once studded with noble residences. What is it now? Even on the spot where what is called the great Duke of Wellington was born, instead of a splendid castle or noble residence, the briar and the bramble attest the treachery that produced them. You remember the once prosperous linen-weavers of Meath. There is scarcely a penny paid to them now. In short, the Union struck down the manufacturers of Ireland. The Commissioners

of the Poor Law prove that 120,000 persons in Ireland are in a state of destitution during the greater part of each year. How is it that in one of the most fertile countries in the world this should occur? The Irish never broke any of their bargains nor their treaties, and England never kept one that was made on her part. There is now a union of the legislatures, but I deny that there is a union of the nations, and I again proclaim the Act a nullity. England has given to her people a municipal reform extensive and satisfactory, while to Ireland she gives a municipal reform crippled and worthless. But the Union is more a nullity on ecclesiastical grounds; for why should the great majority of the people of Ireland pay for the support of a religion which they do not believe to be true? The Union was carried by the most abominable corruption and bribery, by financial robbery on an extensive scale, which makes it the more heinous and oppressive; and the result is that Ireland is saddled with an unjust debt, her commerce is taken from her, her trade is destroyed, and a large number of her people thus reduced to misery and distress.

Yes, the people of Ireland are cruelly oppressed, and are we tamely to stand by and allow our dearest interests to be trampled upon? Are we not to ask for redress? Yes, we will ask for that which alone will give us redress—a parliament of our own. And you will have it too, if you are quiet and orderly, and join with me in my present struggle. [*Loud cheers.*] Your cheers will be conveyed to England. Yes, the majority of this mighty multitude will be taken there. Old Wellington began by threatening us, and talked of civil war, but he says nothing about it now. He is getting inlet holes made in

stone barracks. Now only think of an old general doing such a thing, as if, were there anything going on, the people would attack stone walls! I have heard that a great deal of brandy and biscuits have been sent to the barracks, and I sincerely hope the poor soldiers will get some of them. Your honest brothers, the soldiers, who have been sent to Ireland, are as orderly and as brave men as any in Ireland. I am sure that not one of you has a single complaint to make against them. If any of you have, say so. [*Loud cries of "No, no!"*] They are the bravest men in the world, and therefore I do not disparage them at all when I state this fact, that if they are sent to make war against the people, I have enough women to beat them. There is no mockery or delusion in what I say. At the last fight for Ireland, when we were betrayed by a reliance on English honor, in which we would never again confide—for I would as soon confide in the honor of a certain black gentleman who has two horns and hoofs—but, as I was saying, at the last battle for Ireland, when, after two days' hard fighting, the Irish were driven back by the fresh troops brought up by the English to the bridge of Limerick, at that point when the Irish soldiers retired fainting, it was that the women of Limerick threw themselves in the way, and drove the enemy back fifteen, twenty, or thirty paces. Several of the poor women were killed in the struggle, and their shrieks of agony being heard by their countrymen, they again rallied and determined to die in their defence, and, doubly valiant in the defence of the women, they together routed the Saxons. Yes, I repeat, I have enough women to beat all the army of Ireland. It is idle for any minister or statesman

to suppose for a moment that he can put down such a struggle as this for liberty. The only thing I fear is the conduct of some ruffians who are called Ribbonmen. I know there are such blackguards, for I have traced them from Manchester. They are most dangerous characters, and it will be the duty of every Repealer, whether he knows or by any means can discover one of them, immediately to hand him over to justice and the law. The Ribbonmen only, by their proceedings, can injure the great and religious cause in which I am now engaged, and in which I have the people of Ireland at my back.

This is a holy festival in the Catholic Church—the day upon which the Mother of our Saviour ascended to meet her Son, and reign with Him for ever. On such a day I will not tell a falsehood. I hope I am under her protection while addressing you, and I hope that Ireland will receive the benefit of her prayers. Our Church has prayed against Espartero and his priest terrorizing, church-plundering marauders, and he has since fallen from power—nobody knows how, for he makes no effort to retain it. He seems to have been bewildered by the Divine curse, for without one rational effort the tyrant of Spain has faded before the prayers of Christianity. I hope that there is a blessing in this day, and, fully aware of its solemnity, I assure you that I am afraid of nothing but Ribbonism, which alone can disturb the present movement. I have proclaimed from this spot that the Act of Union is a nullity; but in seeking for Repeal I do not want you to disobey the law. I have only to refer to the words of the 'Tories' friend, Saurin, to prove that the Union is illegal. I advise you to obey the law until you have the word of your beloved Queen to tell

you that you shall have a Parliament of your own. [*Cheers, and loud cries of "So we will!"*] The Queen—God bless her!—will yet tell you that you shall have a legislature of your own—three cheers for the Queen! [*Immense cheering.*]

On the 2d of January last I called this Repeal year, and I was laughed at for doing so. Are they laughing now? No: it is now my turn to laugh; and I will now say that in twelve months more we shall have our Parliament again on College Green. The Queen has the undoubted prerogative at any time to order her Ministers to issue writs, which, being signed by the Lord Chancellor, the Irish Parliament would at once be convened without the necessity of applying to the English Legislature to repeal what they appear to consider a valid Act of Union. And if dirty Sugden would not sign the writ, an Irish Chancellor would soon be found who would do so. And if we have our Parliament again in Dublin, is there, I would ask, a coward amongst you who would not rather die than allow it to be taken away by an Act of Union? [*Loud cries of "No one would ever submit to it!" "We'd rather die!" etc.*] To the last man. [*Cries of "To the last man!"*] Let every man who would not allow the Act of Union to pass hold up his hand. [*An immense forest of hands was shown.*] When the Irish Parliament is again assembled, I will defy any power on earth to take it from us again. Are you all ready to obey me in the course of conduct which I have pointed out to you? [*Cries of "Yes, yes!"*] When I dismiss you to-day, will you not disperse and go peaceably to your homes—[*"Yes, yes, we will!"*—every man, woman, and child?—in the same tranquil manner as you have assembled? [*"Yes, yes!"*] But if I want you

again to-morrow, will you not come to Tara Hill? [*“ Yes, yes ! ”*] Remember, I will lead you into no peril. If danger should arise, it will be in consequence of some persons attacking us, for we are determined not to attack any person; and if danger does exist you will not find me in the rear rank. When we get our Parliament, all our grievances will be put to an end; our trade will be restored, the landlord will be placed on a firm footing, and the tenants who are now so sadly oppressed will be placed in their proper position. “ Law, Peace, and Order ” is the motto of the Repeal banner, and I trust you will all rally round it. [*Cries of “ We are all Repealers ! ”*] I have to inform you that all the magistrates who have recently been deprived of the Commission of the Peace have been appointed by the Repeal Association to settle any disputes which may arise among the Repealers in their respective localities. On next Monday persons will be appointed to settle disputes without expense, and I call on every man who is the friend of Ireland to have his disputes settled by arbitrators without expense, and to avoid going to the Petty Sessions.

I believe I am now in a position to announce to you that in twelve months more we shall not be without having an Hurrah! for the Parliament on College Green! [*Immense cheering.*] Your shouts are almost enough to call to life those who rest in the grave. I can almost fancy the spirits of the mighty dead hovering over you, and the ancient kings and chiefs of Ireland, from the clouds, listening to the shouts sent up from Tara for Irish liberty. Oh! Ireland is a lovely land, blessed with the bounteous gifts of Nature, and where is the coward who would not die for her? [*Cries of “ Not one ! ”*] Your cheers

will penetrate to the extremity of civilization. Our movement is the admiration of the world, for no other country can show so much force with so much propriety of conduct. No other country can show a people assembled for the highest national purposes that can actuate man ; can show hundreds of thousands able in strength to carry any battle that ever was fought, and yet separating with the tranquillity of schoolboys. You have stood by me long—stand by me a little longer, and Ireland will be again a nation.

DEFENCE OF THE KENNISTONS

DANIEL WEBSTER

Supreme Court of Massachusetts, Ipswich, April, 1817

[“The following are the facts relating to the case :

“Major Goodridge of Bangor, Maine, professed to have been robbed of a large sum of money at nine o'clock on the night of December 19, 1816, while travelling on horseback, near the bridge between Exeter and Newburyport. In the encounter with the robbers he received a pistol wound in his left hand; he was then dragged from his horse into a field, beaten until insensible, and robbed. On recovering, he procured the assistance of several persons, and with a lantern returned to the place of the robbery and found his watch and some papers. The next day he went to Newburyport, and remained ill for several weeks, suffering from delirium caused by the shock. When he recovered he set about the discovery of the robbers. His story seemed so probable that he had the sympathy of all the country-folk. He at once charged with the crime Levi and Laban Kenniston, two poor men, who lived in an obscure part of the town of Newmarket, New Hampshire, and finding some of his money (which he had previously marked) in their cellar, he had them arrested, and held for trial. By and by a few of the people began to doubt the story of Goodridge; this led him to renewed efforts, and he arrested the toll gatherer, Mr. Pearson, in whose house, by the aid of a conjuror, he found some of his money. On examination by the magistrate, Pearson was discharged.

“It now became necessary to find some accomplice of the Kennistons, and he arrested one Taber of Boston, whom he had seen (he said) on his way up, and from whom he had obtained his information against the Kennistons. In Taber's house was found some of the money; he was accordingly bound over for trial with the Kennistons. As none of these men lived near the scene of the

robbery, Mr. Jackman, who, soon after the robbery, had gone to New York, was arrested, his house searched, and some of the money found in the garret. The guilt of these men seemed so conclusive that no eminent member of the Essex bar would undertake their defence. A few of those who mistrusted Goodridge determined to send to Suffolk County for counsel.

“Mr. Webster had been well known in New Hampshire, and his services were at once secured ; without having time to examine any of the details of the case—as he had arrived at Ipswich on the night before the trial—he at once undertook the defence of the Kennistons and secured their acquittal. The indictment against Taber was *not prossed*. Later, he defended Jackman and secured his acquittal. Mr. Pearson brought action against Goodrich for malicious prosecution, and was awarded \$2,000, but Goodridge took the poor debtor’s oath and left the State.”—*Webster’s Select Speeches*, A. J. George, Heath & Co.]

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY—It is true that the offence charged in the indictment in this case is not capital ; but perhaps this can hardly be considered as favorable to the defendants. To those who are guilty, and without hope of escape, no doubt the lightness of the penalty of transgression gives consolation. But if the defendants are innocent, it is more natural for them to be thinking upon what they have lost by that alteration of the law which has left highway robbery no longer capital, than upon what the guilty might gain by it. They have lost those great privileges in their trial, which the law allows in capital cases, for the protection of innocence against unfounded accusation. They have lost the right of being previously furnished with a copy of the indictment, and a list of the government witnesses. They have lost the right of peremptory challenge ; and, notwithstanding the prejudices which they know have been excited against them, they must show legal cause of challenge, in each

individual case, or else take the jury as they find it. They have lost the benefit of assignment of counsel by the court. They have lost the benefit of the Commonwealth's process to bring in witnesses in their behalf. When to these circumstances it is added that they are strangers, almost wholly without friends, and without the means for preparing their defence, it is evident they must take their trial under great disadvantages.

But without dwelling on these considerations, I proceed, Gentlemen of the Jury, to ask your attention to those circumstances which cannot but cast doubts on the story of the prosecutor.

In the first place, it is impossible to believe that a robbery of this sort could have been committed by three or four men without previous arrangement and concert, and of course without the knowledge of the fact that Goodridge would be there, and that he had money. They did not go on the highway, in such a place, in a cold December's night, for the general purpose of attacking the first passenger, running the chance of his being somebody who had money. It is not easy to believe that a gang of robbers existed, that they acted systematically, communicating intelligence to one another, and meeting and dispersing as occasion required, and that this gang had their head-quarters in such a place as Newburyport. No town is more distinguished for the general correctness of the habits of its citizens; and it is of such a size that every man in it may be known to all the rest. The pursuits, occupations, and habits of every person within it are within the observation of his neighbors. A suspicious stranger would be instantly observed, and all his movements could be easily traced. This is not the place to be

the general rendezvous of a gang of robbers. Offenders of this sort hang on the skirts of large towns. From the commission of their crimes they hasten into the crowd, and hide themselves in the populousness of great cities.

If it be wholly improbable that a gang existed in such a place for the purpose of general plunder, the next inquiry is, is there any reason to think that there was a special or particular combination, for the single purpose of robbing the prosecutor? Now it is material to observe, that not only is there no evidence of any such combination, but also, that circumstances existed which render it next to impossible that the defendants could have been parties to such a combination, or even that they could have any knowledge of the existence of any such man as Goodridge, or that any person, with money, was expected to come from the eastward, and to be near Essex Bridge, at or about nine o'clock, the evening when the robbery is said to have been committed.

One of the defendants had been for some weeks in Newburyport, the other passed the bridge from New Hampshire at twelve o'clock on the 19th of December, 1816. At this time Goodridge had not yet arrived at Exeter, twelve or fourteen miles from the bridge. How, then, could either of the defendants know that he was coming? Besides, he says that nobody on the road, so far as he is aware, knew that he had money, and nothing happened till he reached Exeter, according to his account, from which it might be conjectured that such was the case. Here, as he relates it, it became known that he had pistols; and he must wish you to infer that the plan to rob him was laid here, at Exeter, by some of the persons who inferred that he had money from his being armed.

Who were these persons? Certainly not the defendants, or either of them. Certainly not Taber. Certainly not Jackman. Were they persons of suspicious characters? Was he in a house of a suspicious character? On this point he gives us no information. He has either not taken the pains to inquire, or he chooses not to communicate the result of his inquiries. Yet nothing could be more important, since he seems compelled to lay the scene of the plot against him at Exeter, than to know who the persons were that he saw, or who saw him, at that place. On the face of the facts now proved, nothing could be more improbable than that the plan of robbery was concerted at Exeter. If so, why should those who concerted it send forward to Newburyport to engage the defendants, especially as they did not know that they were there? What should induce any persons so suddenly to apply to the defendants to assist in a robbery? There was nothing in their personal character or previous history that should induce this.

Nor was there time for all this. If the prosecutor had not lingered on the road, for reasons not yet discovered, he must have been in Newburyport long before the time at which he states the robbery to have been committed. How, then, could any one expect to leave Exeter, come to Newburyport, fifteen miles, there look out for and find out assistants for a highway robbery, and get back two miles to a convenient place for the commission of the crime? That any body should have undertaken to act thus is wholly improbable; and, in point of fact, there is not the least proof of any body's travelling, that afternoon, from Exeter to Newburyport, or of any person who was at the tavern at Exeter having left it

that afternoon. In all probability, nothing of this sort could have taken place without being capable of detection and proof. In every particular, the prosecutor has wholly failed to show the least probability of a plan to rob him having been laid at Exeter.

But how comes it that Goodridge was nearly or quite four hours and a half in travelling a distance which might have been travelled in two hours or two hours and a half. He says he missed his way, and went the Salisbury road. But some of the jury know that this could not have delayed him more than five or ten minutes. He ought to be able to give some better account of this delay.

Failing, as he seems to do, to create any belief that a plan to rob him was arranged at Exeter, the prosecutor goes back to Alfred, and says he saw there a man whom Taber resembles. But Taber is proved to have been at that time, and at the time of the robbery, in Boston. This is proved beyond question. It is so certain, that the Solicitor-General has *not prossed* the indictment against him.

There is an end, then, of all pretence of the adoption of a scheme of robbery at Alfred. This leaves the prosecutor altogether unable to point out any manner in which it should become known that he had money, or in which a design to rob him should originate.

It is next to be considered whether the prosecutor's story is either natural or consistent. But, on the threshold of the inquiry, every one puts the question, What motive had the prosecutor to be guilty of that abominable conduct of feigning a robbery. It is difficult to assign motives. The jury do not know enough of his character or circumstances.

Such things have happened, and may happen again. Suppose he owed money in Boston, and had it not to pay? Who knows how high he might estimate the value of a plausible apology? Some men have also a whimsical ambition for distinction. There is no end to the variety of modes in which human vanity exhibits itself. A story of this nature excites the public sympathy. It attracts general attention. It causes the name of the prosecutor to be celebrated as a man who has been attacked, and, after a manly resistance, overcome by robbers; and who has renewed his resistance as soon as returning life and sensation enabled him, and, after a second conflict, has been quite subdued, beaten and bruised out of all sense and sensation, and finally left for dead on the field. It is not easy to say how far such motives, trifling and ridiculous as most men would think them, might influence the prosecutor, when connected with any expectation of favor or indulgence, if he wanted such, from his creditors. It is to be remembered that he probably did not see all the consequences of his conduct, if his robbery be a pretence. He might not intend to prosecute any body. But he probably found, and indeed there is evidence to show, that it was necessary for him to do something to find out the authors of the alleged robbery. He manifested no particular zeal on this subject. He was in no haste. He appears rather to have been pressed by others to do that which, if he had really been robbed, we should suppose he would have been most earnest to do, the earliest moment.

But could he so seriously wound himself? Could he or would he shoot a pistol-bullet through his hand, in order to render the robbery probable, and

to obtain belief in his story? All exhibitions are subject to accidents? Whether they are serious or farcical, they may, in some particulars, not proceed exactly as they are designed to do. If we knew that this shot through the hand, if made by himself, must have been intentionally made by himself, it would be a circumstance of greater weight. The bullet went through the sleeve of his coat. He might have intended it should go through nothing else. It is quite certain he did not receive the wound in the way he described. He says he was pulling or thrusting aside the robber's pistol, and while his hand was on it, it was fired, and the contents passed through his hand. This could not have been so, because no part of the contents went through the hand, except the ball. There was powder on the sleeve of his coat, and from the appearance one would think the pistol to have been three or four feet from the hand when fired. The fact of the pistol-bullet being fired through the hand, is doubtless a circumstance of importance. It may not be easy to account for it; but it is to be weighed with other circumstances.

It is most extraordinary, that, in the whole case, the prosecutor should prove hardly any fact in any way but by his own oath. He chooses to trust every thing on his own credit with the jury. Had he the money with him which he mentions? If so, his clerks or persons connected with him in business must have known it; yet no witness is produced. Nothing can be more important than to prove that he had the money. Yet he does not prove it. Why should he leave this essential fact without further support? He is not surprised with this defence, he knew what it would be. He knew that nothing could

be more important than to prove that, in truth, he did possess the money which he says he lost; yet he does not prove it. All that he saw, and all that he did, and everything that occurred to him until the alleged robbery, rests solely on his own credit. He does not see fit to corroborate any fact by the testimony of any witness. So he went to New York to arrest Jackman. He did arrest him. He swears positively that he found in his possession papers which he lost at the time of the robbery; yet he neither produces the papers themselves, nor the persons who assisted him in the search.

In like manner, he represents his intercourse with Taber at Boston. Taber, he says, made certain confessions. They made a bargain for a disclosure or confession on one side, and a reward on the other. But no one heard these confessions except Goodridge himself. Taber now confronts him, and pronounces this part of his story to be wholly false; and there is nobody who can support the prosecutor.

A jury cannot too seriously reflect on this part of the case. There are many most important allegations of fact, which, if true, could easily be shown by other witnesses, and yet are not so shown.

How came Mr. Goodridge to set out from Bangor, armed in this formal and formidable manner? How came he to be so apprehensive of robbery? The reason he gives is completely ridiculous. As the foundation of his alarm, he tells a story of a robbery which he had heard of, but which, as far as appears, no one else ever heard of; and the story itself is so perfectly absurd, it is difficult to resist the belief that it was the product of his imagination at the moment. He seems to have been a little too confident that an attempt would be made to rob him. The

manner in which he carried his money, as he says, indicated a strong expectation of this sort. His gold he wrapped in a cambric cloth, put it into a shot bag, and then into a portmanteau. One parcel of bills, of a hundred dollars in amount, he put into his pocket-book ; another, of somewhat more than a thousand dollars, he carried next his person, underneath all his clothes. Having disposed of his money in this way, and armed himself with two good pistols, he set out from Bangor. The jury will judge whether this extraordinary care of his money, and of this formal arming of himself to defend it, are not circumstances of a very suspicious character.

He stated that he did not travel in the night ; that he would not so much expose himself to robbers. He said that, when he came near Alfred, he did not go into the village, but stopped a few miles short, because night was coming on, and he would not trust himself and his money out at night. He represents himself to have observed this rule constantly and invariably until he got to Exeter. Yet, when the time came for the robbery, he was found out at night. He left Exeter about sunset, intending to go to Newburyport, fifteen miles distant, that evening. When he is asked how this should happen, he says that he had no fear of robbers after he left the District of Maine. He thought himself quite safe when he arrived at Exeter. Yet he told the jury that at Exeter he thought it necessary to load his pistols afresh. He asked for a private room at the inn. He told the persons in attendance that he wished such a room for the purpose of changing his clothes. He charged them not to suffer him to be interrupted. But he now testifies that his object was not to change his dress, but to put new

loading into his pistols. What sort of a story is this ?

He says he now felt himself out of all danger from robbers, and was therefore willing to travel at night. At the same time he thought himself in very great danger from robbers, and therefore took the utmost pains to keep his pistols well loaded and in good order. To account for the pains he took about loading his pistols at Exeter, he says it was his invariable practice, every day after he left Bangor, to discharge and load again one or both of his pistols ; that he never missed doing this ; that he avoided doing it at the inns, lest he should create suspicion, but that he did it, while alone, on the road every day.

How far this is probable the jury will judge. It will be observed that he gave up his habits of caution as he approached the place of the robbery. He then loaded his pistols at the tavern, where persons might and did see him ; and he then also travelled in the night. He passed the bridge over Merri-mac River a few minutes before nine o'clock. He was now at a part of his progress where he was within the observation of other witnesses, and something could be known of him besides what he told of himself. Immediately after him, passed the two persons, Shaw and Keyser, with their wagons. Close upon them followed the mail-coach. Now, these wagons and the mail must have passed within three rods, at most, of Goodridge, at the very time of the robbery. They must have been very near the spot, the very moment of the attack ; and if he was under the robbers' hands as long as he represents, or if they stayed on the spot long enough to do half what he says they did, they must have been there

when the wagons and the stage passed. At any rate, it is next to impossible, by any computation of time, to put these carriages so far from the spot, that the drivers should not have heard the cry of murder, which he says he raised, or the report of the two pistols, which he says were discharged. In three-quarters of an hour, or an hour, he returned, and repassed the bridge.

The jury will next naturally look to the appearances exhibited on the field after the robbery. The portmanteau was there. The witnesses say that the straps which fastened it to the saddle had been neither cut nor broken. They were carefully unbuckled. This was very considerate for robbers. It had been opened, and its contents were scattered about the field. The pocket-book, too, had been opened, and many papers it contained found on the ground. Nothing valuable was lost but money. The robbers did not think it well to go off at once with the portmanteau and the pocket-book. The place was so secure, so remote, so unfrequented; they were so far from the highway, at least one full rod; there were so few persons passing, probably not more than four or five then in the road, within hearing of the pistols and the cries of Goodridge; there being, too, not above five or six dwelling-houses, full of people, within the hearing of the report of a pistol; these circumstances were all so favorable to their safety, that the robbers sat down to look over the prosecutor's papers, carefully examined the contents of his pocket-book and portmanteau, and took only the things which they needed! There was money belonging to other persons. The robbers did not take it. They found out it was not the prosecutor's, and left it. It may be said to be

favorable to the prosecutor's story that the money which did not belong to him, and the plunder of which would seem to be the most probable inducement he could have to feign a robbery, was not taken. But the jury will consider whether this circumstance does not bear quite as strongly the other way, and whether they can believe that robbers could have left this money, either from accident or design.

The robbers, by Goodridge's account, were extremely careful to search his person. Having found money in his portmanteau and in his pocket-book, they still forthwith stripped him to the skin, and searched until they found the sum which had been so carefully deposited under his clothes. Was it likely, that, having found money in the places where it is ordinarily carried, robbers should proceed to search for more, where they had no reason to suppose more would be found? Goodridge says that no person knew of his having put his bank-notes in that situation. On the first attack, however, they proceeded to open one garment after another, until they penetrated to the treasure, which was beneath them all.

The testimony of Mr. Howard is material. He examined Goodridge's pistol, which was found on the spot, and thinks it had not been fired at all. If this be so, it would follow that the wound through the hand was not made by this pistol; but then, as the pistol is now discharged, if it had not been fired, he is not correct in swearing that he fired it at the robbers, nor could it have been loaded at Exeter, as he testified.

In the whole case, there is nothing, perhaps, more deserving consideration, than the prosecutor's state-

ment of the violence which the robbers used toward him. He says he was struck with a heavy club, on the back part of his head. He fell senseless to the ground. Three or four rough-handed villains then dragged him to the fence, and through it or over it, with such force as to break one of the boards. They then plundered his money. Presently he came to his senses; perceived his situation; saw one of the robbers sitting or standing near; he valiantly sprang upon, and would have overcome him, but the ruffian called out for his comrades, who returned, and altogether they renewed their attack upon, subdued him, and redoubled their violence. They struck him heavy blows; they threw him violently to the ground; they kicked him in the side; they choked him; one of them, to use his own words, jumped upon his breast. They left him only when they supposed they had killed him. He went back to Pearson's, at the bridge, in a state of delirium, and it was several hours before his recollection came to him. This is his account. Now, in point of fact, it is certain that on no part of his person was there the least mark of this beating and wounding. The blow on the head, which brought him senseless to the ground, neither broke the skin, nor caused any tumor, nor left any mark whatever. He fell from his horse onto the frozen ground, without any appearance of injury. He was drawn through or over the fence with such force as to break the rail, but not so as to leave any wound or scratch on him. A second time he is knocked down, kicked, stamped upon, choked, and in every way abused and beaten till sense had departed, and the breath of life hardly remained; and yet no wound, bruise, discoloration, or mark of injury was found to result from all this.

Except the wound in his hand, and a few slight punctures in his left arm, apparently made with his own penknife, which was found open on the spot, there was no wound or mark which the surgeons, upon repeated examinations, could anywhere discover. This is a story not to be believed. No matter who tells it, it is so impossible to be true, that all belief is set at defiance. No man can believe it. All this tale of blows which left no marks, and of wounds which could not be discovered, must be the work of imagination. If the jury can believe that he was robbed, it is impossible they can believe his account of the manner of it.

With respect, next, to delirium. The jury have heard the physicians. Two of them have no doubt it was all feigned. Dr. Spofford spoke in a more guarded manner, but it was very evident his opinion agreed with theirs. In the height of his raving, the physician who was present said to others, that he could find nothing the matter with the man, and that his pulse was perfectly regular. But consider the facts which Dr. Balch testifies. He suspected the whole of this illness and delirium to be feigned. He wished to ascertain the truth. While he or others were present, Goodridge appeared to be in the greatest pains and agony from his wounds. He could not turn himself in bed, nor be turned by others, without infinite distress. His mind, too, was as much disordered as his body. He was constantly raving about robbery and murder. At length the physicians and others withdrew, and left him alone in the room. Dr. Balch returned softly to the door, which he had left partly open, and there he had a full view of his patient, unobserved by him. Goodridge was then very quiet. His in-

coherent exclamations had ceased. Dr. Balch saw him turn over without inconvenience. Pretty soon he sat up in bed, and adjusted his neckcloth and his hair. Then, hearing footsteps on the staircase, he instantly sank into the bed again; his pains all returned, and he cried out against robbers and murderers as loud as ever. Now, these facts are all sworn to by an intelligent witness, who cannot be mistaken in them; a respectable physician, whose veracity or accuracy is in no way impeached or questioned. After this, it is difficult to retain any good opinion of the prosecutor. Robbed or not robbed, this was his conduct; and such conduct necessarily takes away all claim to sympathy and respect. The jury will consider whether it does not also take away all right to be believed in anything. For if they should be of opinion that in any one point he has intentionally misrepresented facts, he can be believed in nothing. No man is to be convicted on the testimony of a witness whom the jury has found wilfully violating the truth in any particular.

The next part of the case is the conduct of the prosecutor in attempting to find out the robbers, after he had recovered from his illness. He suspected Mr. Pearson, a very honest, respectable man, who keeps the tavern at the bridge. He searched his house and premises. He sent for a conjuror to come, with his metallic rods and witch-hazel, to find the stolen money. Goodridge says now, that he thought he should find it, if the conjuror's instruments were properly prepared. He professes to have full faith in the art. Was this folly, or fraud, or a strange mixture of both? Pretty soon after the last search, gold pieces were actually found near Mr. Pearson's house, in the manner stated by the

female witness. How came they there? Did the robber deposit them there? That is not possible. Did he accidentally leave them there? Why should not a robber take as good care of his money as others? It is certain, too, that the gold pieces were not put there at the time of the robbery, because the ground was then bare; but when these pieces were found, there were several inches of snow below them. When Goodridge searched here with his conjuror, he was on this spot, alone and unobserved, as he thought. Whether he did not, at that time, drop his gold into the snow, the jury will judge. When he came to this search, he proposed something very ridiculous. He proposed that all persons about to assist in the search should be examined, to see that they had nothing which they could put into Pearson's possession, for the purpose of being found there. But how was this examination to be made? Why, truly, Goodridge proposed that every man should examine himself, and that, among others, he would examine himself, till he was satisfied he had nothing in his pockets which he could leave at Pearson's, with the fraudulent design of being afterward found there, as evidence against Pearson. What construction would be given to such conduct?

As to Jackman, Goodridge went to New York and arrested him. In his room he says he found paper coverings of gold, with his own figures on them, and pieces of an old and useless receipt, which he can identify, and which he had in his possession at the time of the robbery. He found these things lying on the floor in Jackman's room. What should induce the robbers, when they left all other papers, to take this receipt? And what should induce Jackman to carry it to New York, and keep it, with the

coverings of the gold, in a situation where it was likely to be found, and used as evidence against him?

There is no end to the series of improbabilities growing out of the prosecutor's story.

One thing especially deserves notice. Wherever Goodridge searches, he always finds something; and what he finds, he always can identify and swear to, as being his. The thing found has always some marks by which he knows it. Yet he never finds much. He never finds the mass of his lost treasure. He finds just enough to be evidence, and no more.

These are the circumstances which tend to raise doubts of the truth of the prosecutor's relation. It is for the jury to say, whether it would be safe to convict any man for this robbery until these doubts shall be cleared up. No doubt they are to judge him candidly; but they are not to make everything yield to a regard to his reputation, or a desire to vindicate him from the suspicion of a fraudulent prosecution.

He stands like other witnesses, except that he is a very interested witness; and he must hope for credit, if at all, from the consistency and general probability of the facts to which he testifies. The jury will not convict the prisoners to save the prosecutor from disgrace. He has had every opportunity of making out his case. If any person in the State could have corroborated any part of his story, that person he could have produced. He has had the benefit of full time, and good counsel, and of the Commonwealth's process, to bring in his witnesses. More than all, he has had an opportunity of telling his own story, with the simplicity that belongs to truth, if it were true, and the frankness

and earnestness of an honest man, if he be such. It is for the jury to say, under their oaths, how he has acquitted himself in these particulars, and whether he has left their minds free from doubt as to the truth of his narration.

But if Goodrich were really robbed, is there satisfactory evidence that the defendants had a hand in the commission of this offence? The evidence relied on is the finding of the money in their house. It appears that these defendants lived together, and, with a sister, constituted one family. Their father lived in another part of the same house, and with his wife constituted another and distinct family. In this house, some six weeks after the robbery, the prosecutor made a search; and the result has been stated by the witnesses. Now, if the money had been passed or used by the defendants it might have been conclusive. If found about their persons, it might have been very strong proof. But, under the circumstances of this case, the mere finding of money in their house, and that only in places where the prosecutor had previously been, is no evidence at all. With respect to the gold pieces, it is certainly true that they were found in Goodridge's track. They were found only where he had been, and might have put them.

When the sheriff was in the house and Goodridge in the cellar, gold was found in the cellar. When the sheriff was up stairs and Goodridge in the rooms below, the sheriff was called down to look for money where Goodridge directed, and there money was found. As to the bank-note, the evidence is not quite so clear. Mr. Leavitt says he found a note in a drawer in a room in which none of the party had before been; that he thought it an

uncurrent or counterfeit note, and not a part of Goodridge's money, and left it where he found it without further notice. An hour or two afterward, Upton perceived a note in the same drawer, Goodridge being then with or near him, and called to Leavitt. Leavitt told him that he had discovered that note before, but that it could not be Goodridge's. It was then examined. Leavitt says he looked at it, and saw writing on the back of it. Upton says he looked at it, and saw writing on the back of it. He says also that it was shown to Goodridge, who examined it in the same way that he and Leavitt examined it. None of the party at this time suspected it to be Goodridge's. It was then put into Leavitt's pocket-book, where it remained till evening, when it was taken out at the tavern; and then it turns out to be, plainly and clearly, one of Goodridge's notes, and has the name of "James Poor, Bangor," in Goodridge's own handwriting, on the back of it. The first thing that strikes one in this account is, Why was not this discovery made at the time. Goodridge was looking for notes, as well as gold. He was looking for Boston notes, for such he had lost. He was looking for ten-dollar notes, for such he had lost. He was looking for notes which he could recognize and identify. He would, therefore, naturally be particularly attentive to any writing or marks upon such as he might find. Under these circumstances, a note is found in the house of the supposed robbers. It is a Boston note, it is a ten-dollar note, it has writing on the back of it; that writing is the name of his town and the name of one of his neighbors; more than all, that writing is his own handwriting! Notwithstanding all this, neither Goodridge, nor Upton, nor the

sheriff, examined it so as to see whether it was Goodridge's money. Notwithstanding it so fully resembled, in all points, the money they were looking for, and notwithstanding they also saw writing on the back of it, which, they must know, if they read it, would probably have shown where it came from, neither of them did so far examine it as to see any proof of its being Goodridge's.

This is hardly to be believed. It must be a pretty strong faith in the prosecutor that could credit this story. In every part of it, it is improbable and absurd. It is much more easy to believe that the note was changed. There might have been, and there probably was, an uncurrent or counterfeit note found in the drawer by Leavitt. He certainly did not at the time think it to be Goodridge's, and he left it in the drawer where he found it. Before he saw it again, the prosecutor had been in that room, and was in or near it when the sheriff was again called in and asked to put that bill in his pocket-book. How do the jury know that this was the same note which Leavitt had before seen? Or suppose it was. Leavitt carried it to Coffin's; in the evening he produced it, and, after having been handed about for some time among the company, it turns out to be Goodridge's note, and to have upon it infallible marks of identity. How do the jury know that a sleight of hand had not changed the note at Coffin's? It is sufficient to say, the note might have been changed. It is not certain that this is the note which Leavitt first found in the drawer, and this not being certain, it is not proof against the defendants.

Is it not extremely improbable, if the defendants are guilty, that they should deposit the money in the places where it was found? Why should they put it

in small parcels in so many places, for no end but to multiply the chances of detection? Why, especially, should they put a doubloon in their father's pocket-book? There is no evidence, nor any ground of suspicion, that the father knew of the money being in his pocket-book. He swears he did not know it. His general character is unimpeached, and there is nothing against his credit. The inquiry at Stratham was calculated to elicit the truth; and, after all, there is not the slightest reason to suspect that he knew that the doubloon was in his pocket-book. What could possibly induce the defendants to place it there? No man can conjecture a reason. On the other hand, if this is a fraudulent proceeding on the part of the prosecutor, this circumstance could be explained. He did not know that the pocket-book, and the garment in which it was found, did not belong to one of the defendants. He was as likely, therefore, to place it there as elsewhere. It is very material to consider that nothing was found in that part of the house which belonged to the defendants. Every thing was discovered in the father's apartments. They were not found, therefore, in the possession of the defendants, any more than if they had been discovered in any other house in the neighborhood. The two tenements, it is true, were under the same roof; but they were not on that account the same tenements. They were as distinct as any other houses. Now how should it happen that the several parcels of money should all be found in the father's possession? He is not suspected, certainly there is no reason to suspect him, of having had any hand either in the commission of the robbery or the concealing of the goods. He swears he had no knowledge of any part of this money being in his house.

It is not easy to imagine how it came there, unless it be supposed to have been put there by some one who did not know what part of the house belonged to the defendants and what part did not.

The witnesses on the part of the prosecution have testified that the defendants, when arrested, manifested great agitation and alarm; paleness overspread their faces, and drops of sweat stood on their temples. This satisfied the witnesses of the defendants' guilt, and they now state the circumstances as being indubitable proof. This argument manifests, in those who use it, an equal want of sense and sensibility. It is precisely fitted to the feeling and the intellect of a bum-bailiff. In a court of justice it deserves nothing but contempt. Is there nothing that can agitate the frame or excite the blood but the consciousness of guilt? If the defendants were innocent, would they not feel indignation at this unjust accusation? If they saw an attempt to produce false evidence against them, would they not be angry? And, seeing the production of such evidence, might they not feel fear and alarm? And have indignation, and anger, and terror, no power to affect the human countenance or the human frame?

Miserable, miserable, indeed, is the reasoning which would infer any man's guilt from his agitation when he found himself accused of a heinous offence; when he saw evidence which he might know to be false and fraudulent brought against him; when his house was filled, from the garret to the cellar, by those whom he might esteem as false witnesses; and when he himself, instead of being at liberty to observe their conduct and watch their motions, was a prisoner in close custody in his own house, with the fists of a catch-poll clenched upon his throat

The defendants were at Newburyport the afternoon and evening of the robbery. For the greater part of the time they show where they were, and what they were doing. Their proof, it is true, does not apply to every moment. But when it is considered that, from the moment of their arrest, they have been in close prison, perhaps they have shown as much as could be expected. Few men, when called on afterwards, can remember, and fewer still can prove, how they have passed every hour of an evening. At a reasonable hour they both came to the house where Laban had lodged the night before. Nothing suspicious was observed in their manner or conversation. Is it probable they would thus come unconcernedly into the company of others, from a field of robbery, and, as they must have supposed, of murder, before they could have ascertained whether the stain of blood was not on their garments? They remained in the place a part of the next day. The town was alarmed; a strict inquiry was made of all strangers, and of the defendants among others. Nothing suspicious was discovered. They avoided no inquiry, nor did they leave the town in any haste. The jury has had an opportunity of seeing the defendants. Does their general appearance indicate that hardihood which would enable them to act this cool, unconcerned part? Is it not more likely they would have fled?

From the time of the robbery to the arrest, five or six weeks, the defendants were engaged in their usual occupations. They are not found to have passed a dollar of money to any body. They continued their ordinary habits of labor. No man saw money about them, nor any circumstance that might lead to a suspicion that they had money. Nothing

occurred tending in any degree to excite suspicion against them. When arrested, and when all this array of evidence was brought against them, and when they could hope in nothing but their innocence, immunity was offered them again if they would confess. They were pressed, and urged, and allured, by every motive which could be set before them, to acknowledge their participation in the offence, and to bring out their accomplices. They steadily protested that they could confess nothing because they knew nothing. In defiance of all the discoveries made in their house, they have trusted to their innocence. On that, and on the candor and discernment of an enlightened jury, they still rely.

If the jury are satisfied that there is the highest improbability that these persons could have had any previous knowledge of Goodridge, or been concerned in any previous concert to rob him; if their conduct that evening and the next day was marked by no circumstances of suspicion; if from that moment until their arrest nothing appeared against them; if they neither passed money, nor are found to have had money; if the manner of the search of their house, and the circumstances attending it, excite strong suspicions of unfair and fraudulent practises; if, in the hour of their utmost peril, no promises of safety could draw from the defendants any confession affecting themselves or others, it will be for the jury to say whether they can pronounce them guilty.

REPLY TO FLOOD

HENRY GRATTAN

House of Commons, October 28, 1783

It has been said by Mr. Flood, that "the pen would fall from the hand, and the foetus of the mind would die unborn," if men had not a privilege to maintain a right in the Parliament of England to make law for Ireland. The affectation of zeal, and a burst of forced and metaphorical conceits, aided by the arts of the press, gave an alarm which, I hope, was momentary, and which only exposed the artifice of those who were wicked, and the haste of those who were deceived.

But it is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man who has not a bad character can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in its political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution.

I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious; that after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion,

he took office, and became a supporter of government when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example; when your money bills were altered without reserve by the Council; when an embargo was laid on your export trade, and a war declared against the liberties of America. At such a critical moment, I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle his declamation, to swallow his invectives, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of government, its measures, its embargo, and its American war. I will suppose that he was suspected by the government that had bought him, and in consequence thereof, that he thought proper to resort to the acts of a trimmer, the last sad refuge of disappointed ambition; that, with respect to the Constitution of his country, that part, for instance, which regarded the Mutiny Bill, when a clause of reference was introduced, whereby the articles of war, which were, or hereafter might be, passed in England, should be current in Ireland without the interference of her Parliament—when such a clause was in view, I will suppose this gentleman to have *absconded*. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have *absconded*; but a year and a half after the bill had passed, then I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward, and to say that your Constitution had been destroyed by the Perpetual Bill. With regard to that part of the Constitution that relates to the law of Poynings, I will suppose the gentleman to have made many a long, very long disquisition before he took office, but, after he received office, to have been as silent on that subject as before he had been 10-

quacious. That, when money bills, under color of that law, were altered, year after year, as in 1775 and 1776, and when the bills so altered were resumed and passed, I will suppose that gentleman to have absconded or acquiesced, and to have supported the minister who made the alteration; but when he was dismissed from office, and a member introduced a bill to remedy this evil, I will suppose that this gentleman inveighed against the mischief, against the remedy, and against the person of the introducer, who did that duty which he himself for seven years had abandoned. With respect to that part of the Constitution which is connected with the repeal of the 6th of George the First, when the inadequacy of the repeal was debating in the House, I will suppose this gentleman to make no kind of objection; that he never named, at that time, the word renunciation; and that, on the division on that subject, he absconded; but when the office he had lost was given to another man, that he came forward, and exclaimed against the measure; nay, that he went into the public streets to canvass for sedition; that he became a rambling incendiary, and endeavored to excite a mutiny in the Volunteers against an adjustment between Great Britain and Ireland, of liberty and repose, which he had not the virtue to make, and against an administration who had the virtue to free the country without buying the members.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have supported an embargo which lay on the country for three years, and almost destroyed it; and when an address in 1778, to open her trade, was propounded, to remain silent and inactive. And with respect to that other part of her trade,

which regarded the duty on sugar, when the merchants were examined in 1778, on the inadequate protecting duty, when the inadequate duty was voted, when the act was recommitted, when another duty was proposed, when the bill returned with the inadequate duty substituted, when the altered bill was adopted, on every one of those questions I will suppose the gentleman to abscond ; but a year and a half after the mischief was done, he out of office, I will suppose him to come forth, and to tell his country that her trade had been destroyed by an inadequate duty on English sugar, as her Constitution had been ruined by a Perpetual Mutiny Bill ! In relation to three-fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions. In the same manner, I will suppose him to have opposed the institution of the Volunteers, to which we owe so much, and that he went to a meeting in his own county to prevent their establishment ; that he himself kept out of their associations ; that he was almost the only man in this House that was not in uniform, and that he never was a Volunteer until he ceased to be a placeman, and until he became an incendiary.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy, decided and unreserved ; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans ; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth, and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of Amer-

ica, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind. Thus defective in every relationship whether to Constitution, commerce, or toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes ; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him and say, " Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue. After a rank and clamorous opposition you became, on a sudden, *silent* ; you were silent for seven years ; you were silent on the greatest questions ; and you were silent for money ! In 1773, while a negotiation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in Parliament ; you forsook your law of Poynings ; you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation. You were not at that period to be found in the House. You were seen, like a guilty spirit, haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish. You were descried with a criminal anxiety, retiring from the scenes of your past glory ; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this House like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways—they were not the ways of honor—you practised pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition. The former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever

came before Parliament; the embargo of 1776, for instance, "O, fatal embargo, that breach of law, and ruin of commerce!" You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address to send four thousand men, which you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend. You, sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778, on account of their hostility to America—you, sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles—you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden—you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America; and you, sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, LIBERTY! But you found, at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning), that the king had only dishonored you; the court had bought, but would not trust you; and, having voted for the worst measures, you remained, for seven years, the creature of *salary*, without the confidence of government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity. You try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary. You give no honest support either to the government or the people. You, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part; you sign no non-consumption agreement; you are no Volunteer; you oppose no Perpetual Mutiny

Bill ; no altered Sugar Bill ; you declare that you lament that the Declaration of Right should have been brought forward ; and observing, with regard to both prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign, by betraying the government, as you had sold the people, until, at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the Volunteers and canvass for mutiny ; you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is, that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is, an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland, by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British Parliament. Such has been your conduct ; and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim ! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, *I* now say, and say to your beard, sir—*you are not an honest man !* ”

THE NEW SOUTH

HENRY W. GRADY

New England Society, New York, December 22, 1886

“THERE was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.” These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and Gentlemen : Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raised my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if, in that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart.

Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance of original New England hospitality, and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell, with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded, into the basement; and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out:

"John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John, "but I be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call to me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was" then turning the page, "one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night, I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration

Pardon me one word, Mr President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go

out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier, as well as the Puritan, was on the continent in its early days, and that he was “up and able to be about.” I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium, if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on this continent; that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since; and that while Miles Standish was cutting off men’s ears for courting a girl without her parents’ consent, and forbidding men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight; and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little book, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both, happily, still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. Both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both, and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friend, Dr. Talmage, has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slowly perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic, Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier; for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government charging it with such tremendous meaning, and so elevating it above human suffering, that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated, from the cradle, to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of his simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored; and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and some to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term, "The New South," as in no sense disparaging to the old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood, and the traditions of my people. I would not, if I could, dim the glory they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught from the splendor and grace of

their civilization, never equalled, and perhaps never to be equalled in its chivalric strength and grace. There is a New South, not through protest against the old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself, and to the consideration of which I hasten, lest it become the Old South before I get to it. Age does not endow all things with strength and virtue, nor are all new things to be despised. The shoemaker who put over his door, "John Smith's shop, founded 1760," was more than matched by his young rival across the street who hung out this sign: "Bill Jones. Established 1886. No old stock kept in this shop."

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war? An army that marched home in defeat and not in victory; in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills,

pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment, material training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough; and the fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness pre-

vailed, "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." Or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is kind of careless about fire—that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But in all this what have we accomplished? What is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summary the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school-house on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have learned that the \$400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to four per cent., and are floating four per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out our lathstring to you and yours.

We have reached the point that marks perfect har-

mony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." We have established thrift in the city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comforts to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valley of Vermont.

Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace," a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence, or compel on the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had a part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and up-building of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents, or progressed in honor and equity toward the solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South;

none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demands that they should have this. Our future, our very existence, depends upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, your victory was assured; for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail; while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the sight of advancing civilization. Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what did not pay—sold their slaves to our fathers, not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it.

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle; and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and

worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion.

Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South with the North protest against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as the law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us, or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he "determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle"—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has been, loyal to the Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken.

Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. The lod plantation, with its simple police regulations

and its feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rupture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect Democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not

make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty Hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better, silent but staunch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness, in its white peace and prosperity, to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not—if she accepts with frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now, and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment

" 'Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks
March all one way.' "

AGAINST SEARCH-WARRANTS FOR SEAMEN

LORD CHATHAM

House of Commons, March 6, 1741

[“ War was declared against Spain in October, 1739, and it soon became extremely difficult to man the British fleets. Hence, a bill was brought forward by Sir Charles Wagner, in January, 1741, conferring authority on Justices of the Peace to issue search-warrants, under which constables might enter private dwellings either by day or by night—and, if need be, might force the doors—for the purpose of discovering seamen, and impressing them into the public service. So gross an act of injustice awakened the indignation of Mr. Pitt, who poured out the following invective against the measure, and those who were endeavoring to force it on the House.”]

SIR—The two honorable and learned gentlemen who spoke in favor of this clause were pleased to show that our seamen are half slaves already, and now they modestly desire you should make them *wholly* so. Will this increase your number of seamen? or will it make those you have more willing to serve you? Can you expect that any man will make himself a slave if he can avoid it? Can you expect that any man will breed his child up to be a slave? Can you expect that seamen will venture their lives or their limbs for a country that has made them slaves? or can you expect that any seaman will stay in the country, if he can by any means make his escape? Sir, if you pass this law, you

must, in my opinion, do with your seamen as they do with their galley-slaves in France—you must chain them to their ships, or chain them in couples when they are ashore. But suppose this should both increase the number of your seamen, and render them more willing to serve you, it will render them incapable. It is a common observation, that when a man becomes a slave, he loses half his virtue. What will it signify to have your ships all manned to their full complement? Your men will have neither the courage nor the temptation to fight; they will strike to the first enemy that attacks them, because their condition can not be made worse by a surrender. Our seamen have always been famous for a matchless alacrity and intrepidity in time of danger; this has saved many a British ship, when other seamen would have run below deck, and left the ship to the mercy of the waves, or, perhaps, of a more cruel enemy, a pirate. For God's sake, sir, let us not, by our new projects, put our seamen into such a condition as must soon make them worse than the cowardly slaves of France or Spain.

The learned gentlemen were next pleased to show us that the government is already possessed of such a power as is now desired. And how did they show it? Why, sir, by showing that this was the practice in the case of felony, and in the case of those who are as bad as felons, I mean those who rob the public, or dissipate the public money. Shall we, sir, put our brave sailors upon the same footing with felons and public robbers? Shall a brave, honest sailor be treated as a felon, for no other reason but because, after a long voyage, he has a mind to solace himself among his friends in the country,

and for that purpose absconds for a few weeks, in order to prevent his being pressed upon a Spithead, or some such pacific expedition? For I dare answer for it, there is not a sailor in Britain but would immediately offer his services, if he thought his country in any real danger, or expected to be sent upon an expedition where he might have a chance of gaining riches to himself and glory to his country. I am really ashamed, sir, to hear such arguments made use of in any case where our seamen are concerned. Can we expect that brave men will not resent such treatment? Could we expect they would stay with us, if we should make a law for treating them in such a contemptible manner?

But suppose, sir, we had no regard for our seamen, I hope we shall have some regard for the rest of the people, and for ourselves, in particular; for I think I do not in the least exaggerate when I say, we are laying a trap for the lives of all the men of spirit in the nation. Whether the law, when made, is to be carried into execution, I do not know; but if it is, we are laying a snare for our own lives. Every gentleman of this House must be supposed, I hope justly, to be a man of spirit. Would any of you, gentlemen, allow this law to be executed in its full extent? If, at midnight, a petty constable, with a press-gang, should come thundering at the gates of your house in the country, and should tell you he had a search-warrant, and must search your house for seamen, would you at that time of night allow your gates to be opened? I protest I would not. What, then, would be the consequence? He has by this law a power to break them open. Would any of you patiently submit to such an indignity? Would not you fire upon him, if he attempted to break

open your gates? I declare I would, let the consequence be never so fatal, and if you happen to be in the bad graces of a minister the consequence would be your being either killed in the fray, or hanged for killing the constable or some of his gang. This, sir, may be the case of even some of us here; and, upon my honor, I do not think it an exaggeration to suppose it may.

The honorable gentlemen say no other remedy has been proposed. Sir, there have been several other remedies proposed. Let us go into a committee to consider what has been, or may be proposed. Suppose no other remedy should be offered: to tell us we must take this, because no other remedy can be thought of, is the same with a physician's telling his patient, "Sir, there is no known remedy for your distemper, therefore you shall take poison—I'll cram it down your throat." I do not know how the nation may treat its physicians; but, I am sure, if my physician told me so, I should order my servants to turn him out of doors.

Such desperate remedies, sir, are never to be applied but in cases of the utmost extremity, and how we come at present to be in such extremity I cannot comprehend. In the time of Queen Elizabeth we were not thought to be in any such extremity, though we were then threatened with the most formidable invasion that was ever prepared against this nation. In our wars with the Dutch, a more formidable maritime power than France and Spain now would be, if they were united against us, we were not supposed to be in any such extremity, either in the time of the Commonwealth or of King Charles the Second. In King William's war against France, when her naval power was vastly superior

to what it is at present, and when we had more reason to be afraid of an invasion than we can have at present, we were thought to be in no such extremity. In Queen Anne's time, when we were engaged in a war both against France and Spain, and were obliged to make great levies yearly for the land service, no such remedy was ever thought of, except for one year only, and then it was found to be far from being effectual.

This, sir, I am convinced, would be the case now, as well as it was then. It was at that time computed that, by means of such a law as this, there were not above fourteen hundred seamen brought into the service of the government, and considering the methods that have been already taken, and the reward proposed by this bill to be offered to volunteers, I am convinced that the most strict and general search would not bring in half the number. Shall we, then, for the sake of adding six or seven hundred, or even fourteen hundred seamen to his Majesty's navy, expose our Constitution to so much danger, and every housekeeper in the kingdom to the danger of being disturbed at all hours in the night?

But suppose this law were to have a great effect, it can be called nothing but a temporary expedient, because it can in no way contribute toward increasing the number of our seamen, or toward rendering them more willing to enter into his Majesty's service. It is an observation made by Bacon upon the laws passed in Henry the Seventh's reign, that all of them were calculated for futurity as well as the present time. This showed the wisdom of his councils; I wish I could say so of our present. We have for some years thought of nothing but expedients for getting rid of some present inconvenience by run-

ning ourselves into a greater. The ease or convenience of posterity was never less thought of, I believe, than it has been of late years. I wish I could see an end of these temporary expedients; for we have been pursuing them so long, that we have almost undone our country and overturned our Constitution. Therefore, sir, I shall be for leaving this clause out of the bill, and every other clause relating to it. The bill will be of some service without them, and when we have passed it, we may then go into a committee to consider some lasting methods for increasing our stock of seamen, and for encouraging them upon all occasions to enter into his Majesty's service.

[“In consequence of these remarks, all the clauses relating to search-warrants were ultimately struck out of the bill.

“It was during this debate that the famous altercation took place between Mr. Pitt and Horace Walpole, in which the latter endeavored to put down the young orator by representing him as having too little experience to justify his discussing such subjects, and charging him with ‘petulancy of invective,’ ‘pompous diction,’ and ‘theatrical emotion.’ The substance of Mr. Pitt's reply was reported to Johnson, who wrote it out in his own language, forming one of the most bitter retorts in English oratory. It has been so long connected with the name of Mr. Pitt, that the reader would regret its omission in this work. It is therefore given below, not as a specimen of his style, which was exactly the reverse of the sententious manner and balanced periods of Johnson, but as a general exhibition of the sentiments which he expressed.”—*British Eloquence, By Goodrich.*]

SIR—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very

solicitously copy *his* diction or *his* mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder. And if the honorable gentleman——”

[“At this point Mr. Pitt was called to order by Mr. Wyndham, who went on to say, ‘No diversity of opinion can justify the violation of decency, and the use of rude and virulent expressions, dictated only by resentment, and uttered without regard to——’

“Here Mr. Pitt called to order, and proceeded thus:”] Sir, if this be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongues. For what calumny can be more atrocious, what reproach more severe, than that of speaking with regard to anything but truth. Order may sometimes

be broken by passion or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-established by a monitor like this, who cannot govern his own passions while he is restraining the impetuosity of others.

Happy would it be for mankind if every one knew his own province. We should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge ; nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others what he has not learned himself.

That I may return in some degree the favor he intends me, I will advise him *never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order* ; but whenever he feels inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censure will never amend.

SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT

JOHN BRIGHT

House of Commons, February 17th, 1866

[“The disturbed state of Ireland rendered it necessary, in the opinion of the Government, to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and so give the Lord-Lieutenant unlimited power to arrest and detain suspected persons. For this purpose an extraordinary sitting was called in both Houses of Parliament on Saturday, February 17th, 1866, and the Bill was run through at once, receiving the Royal assent at twenty minutes to one o'clock on Sunday morning.”]

I owe an apology to the Irish Members for stepping in to make an observation to the House on this question. My strong interest in the affairs of their country, ever since I came into Parliament, will be my sufficient excuse. The Secretary of State [Sir George Grey], on the part of the Government of which he is a member, has called us together on an unusual day and at an unusual hour, to consider a proposition of the greatest magnitude, and which we are informed is one of extreme urgency. If it be so, I hope it will not be understood that we are here merely to carry out the behests of the Administration; but that we are to be permitted, if we choose, to observe upon this measure, and if possible to say something which may mitigate the apparent harshness which the Government feels itself compelled to pursue. It is now more than twenty-two years since I

was permitted to take my seat in this House. During that time I have, on many occasions, with great favor, been allowed to address it; but I declare that during the whole of that period I have never risen to speak here under so strong a feeling, as a member of the House, of shame, and of humiliation, as that by which I feel myself oppressed at this moment. The Secretary of State proposes—as the right honorable gentleman himself has said—to deprive no inconsiderable portion of the subjects of the Queen—our countrymen, within the United Kingdom—of the commonest, of the most precious, and of the most sacred right of the English Constitution: the right to their personal freedom. From the statement of the Secretary of State it is clear that this is not asked to be done, or required to be done, with reference only to a small section of the Irish people. He has named great counties, wide districts, whole provinces over which this alleged and undoubted disaffection has spread, and has proposed that five or six millions of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom shall suffer the loss of that right of personal freedom that is guaranteed to all Her Majesty's subjects by the Constitution of these realms.

Now, I do not believe that the Secretary of State has over-stated his case for the purpose of inducing the House to consent to his proposition. I believe that if the majority of the people of Ireland, counted fairly out, had their will, and if they had the power, they would unmoor the island from its fastenings, and move it at least two thousand miles to the west. And I believe, further, that if by conspiracy, or insurrection, or by that open agitation to which alone I ever would give any favor or consent, they could shake off the authority, I will not say of the English

Crown, but of the Imperial Parliament, they would gladly do so. An honorable member from Ireland a few nights ago referred to the character of the Irish people. He said, and I believe it is true, that there is no Christian nation with which we are acquainted amongst the people of which crime of the ordinary character, as we reckon it in this country, is so rare as it is amongst his countrymen. He might have said, also, that there is no people—whatever they may be at home—more industrious than his countrymen in every other country but their own. He might have said more—that they are a people of a cheerful and joyous temperament. He might have said more than this—that they are singularly grateful for kindnesses shown to them, and that of all the people of our race they are filled with the strongest sentiments of veneration. And yet, with such materials and with such a people, after centuries of government—after sixty-five years of government by this House—you have them embittered against your rule, and anxious only to throw off the authority of the Crown and Queen of these realms. Now, this is not a single occasion we are discussing. This is merely an access of the complaint Ireland has been suffering under during the lifetime of the oldest man in this House: of chronic insurrection. No man can deny this. I dare say a large number of the members of this House had, at the time to which the right honorable member for Buckinghamshire referred, heard the same speech on the same subject from the same Minister to whom we have listened to-day. [*Sir G. Grey*.—"No!"] I certainly thought I heard the right honorable gentlemen the Secretary of State for the Home Department make a speech before on the same question, but he was a Minister of the Government on

whose behalf a similar speech was made on the occasion referred to, and no doubt concurred in every word that was uttered by his colleague.

Sixty-five years ago this country undertook to govern Ireland. I will say nothing of the manner in which that duty was brought upon us except this—that it was by proceedings disgraceful and corrupt to the last degree. I will say nothing of the pretences under which it was brought about but this—that the English Parliament and people, and the Irish people, too, were told, if you once get rid of the Irish Parliament it will dethrone forever Irish factions, and with a United Parliament we shall become a united, and stronger, and happier people. Now, during these sixty-five years—and on this point I ask for the attention of the right honorable gentleman who has just spoken [Mr. Disraeli]—there are only three considerable measures which Parliament has passed in the interests of Ireland. One of them was the measure of 1829, for the emancipation of the Catholics and to permit them to have seats in this House. But that measure, so just, so essential, and which, of course, is not ever to be recalled, was a measure which the Chief Minister of the day, a great soldier, and a great judge of military matters [the Duke of Wellington], admitted was passed in the face of the menace and only because of the danger of civil war. The other two measures to which I have referred are the measure for the relief of the poor, and the measure for the sale of the encumbered estates; and those measures were introduced to the House and passed through the House in the emergency of a famine more severe than any that has desolated any Christian country of the world within the last four hundred years.

Except on these two emergencies, I appeal to every Irish member, and to every English member who has paid any attention to the matter, whether the statement is not true that this Parliament has done nothing for the people of Ireland. And, more than that, the complaints of their sufferings have been met—often by denial, often by insult, often by contempt. And within the last few years we have heard from this very Treasury Bench observations with regard to Ireland which no friend of Ireland, or of England, and no minister of the Crown, ought to have uttered with regard to that country. Twice in my Parliamentary life this thing has been done, at least by the close of this day will have been done—and measures of repression—measures for the suspension of the civil rights of the Irish people—have been brought into Parliament and passed with extreme and unusual rapidity. I have not risen to blame the Secretary of State, or to blame his colleagues, for the act of to-day. There may be circumstances to justify a proposition of this kind, and I am not here to deny that these circumstances now exist; but what I complain of is this: there is no statesmanship merely in acts of force and acts of repression. And more than that, I have not observed since I have been in Parliament anything on this Irish question that approaches to the dignity of statesmanship. There has been, I admit, an improved administration in Ireland. There have been Lord-Lieutenants anxious to be just, and there is one there now who is probably as anxious to do justice as any man. We have observed generally in the recent trials a better tone and temper than were ever witnessed under similar circumstances in Ireland before. But if I go back to the Ministers who

have sat on the Treasury Bench since I first came into this House—Sir Robert Peel first, then Lord John Russell, then Lord Aberdeen, then Lord Derby, then Lord Palmerston, then Lord Derby again, then Lord Palmerston again, and now Earl Russell—I say that, with regard to all these men, there has not been any approach to anything that history will describe as statesmanship on the part of the English Government toward Ireland. There were Coercion Bills in abundance—Arms Bills, session after session—lamentations like that of the right honorable gentleman, the member for Buckinghamshire, that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was not made perpetual by a clause which he laments was repealed. There have been Acts for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, like that which we are now discussing ; but there has been no statesmanship. Men, the most clumsy, and brutal, can do these things ; but we want men of higher temper—men of higher genius—men of higher patriotism to deal with the affairs of Ireland.

I should like to know if those statesmen who hold great offices have themselves comprehended the nature of this question. If they have not, they have been manifestly ignorant ; and if they have comprehended it, they have not dealt with it ; they have concealed that which they knew from the people, and evaded the duty they owe to their Sovereign. I do not want to speak disrespectfully of men in office. It is not my custom in this House. I know something of the worrying labors to which they are subjected, and I know how, from day to day, they bear the burden of the labor imposed upon them ; but still I lament that those who wear the garb, enjoy the emoluments—and I had almost said, usurp

the dignity of statesmanship — sink themselves merely into respectable and honorable administrators, when there is a whole nation under the Sovereignty of the Queen calling for all their anxious thoughts—calling for the highest exercise of the highest qualities of the statesman. I put the question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer [Mr. Gladstone]. He is the only man of this Government whom I have heard of late years that has spoken as if he comprehended this question, and he made a speech in the last Session of Parliament that was not without its influence both in England and Ireland. I should like to ask him whether this Irish question is above the stature of himself and his colleagues? If it be, I ask them to come down from the high places which they occupy, and try to learn the art of legislation and government before they practise it. I believe myself, if we could divest ourselves of the feeling engendered by party strife, we might come to some better results. Take the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Is there in any legislative assembly in the world a man, as the world judges, of more transcendent capacity? I will say even, Is there a man with more honest wish to do good to the country in which he occupies such a conspicuous place? Take the right honorable gentleman opposite, the Leader of the Opposition [Mr. Disraeli]. Is there in any legislative assembly in the world, at this moment, a man leading an Opposition, of more genius for his position, who has given proof, in every way but one in which proof can be given, that he is competent to the highest duties of the highest offices of the State? Well, but these men—great men whom we on this side and you on that side to a large extent admire and follow—fight for office, and the re-

sult is, they sit alternately one on this side and one on that. But suppose it were possible for these men, with their intellects, with their far-reaching vision, to examine this question thoroughly, and to say for once, whether this leads to office, and to the miserable notoriety that men call Fame, which springs from office, or not: "If it be possible, we will act with loyalty to the Sovereign and justice to the people; and if it be possible, we will make Ireland a strength and not a weakness to the British Empire." It is on account of this fighting with party, and for party, and for the gains which party gives, that there is so little result from the great intellects of such men as these. Like the captive Samson of old—

"To grind in brazen fetters, under task,
With their Heaven-gifted strength"—

and the country and the world gain little by those faculties which God has given them for the blessing of the country and the world.

The Secretary of State and the right honorable gentleman opposite, even in stronger language, have referred to the unhappy fact that much of what now exists in Ireland has been brought there from the United States of America. That is not a fact for us to console ourselves with; it only adds to the gravity and the difficulty of this question. You may depend upon it that if the Irish in America, having left this country, settle there with so strong a hostility to us, they have had their reasons; and if, being there with that feeling of affection for their own country which in all other cases in which we are not concerned we admire and reverence, they interfere in Ireland and stir up there the sedition that now exists, depend upon it there is in the condition of

Ireland a state of things which greatly favors their attempts. There can be no continued fire without fuel, and all the Irish in America, and all the citizens of America, united together, with all their organization and all their vast resources, would not in England or in Scotland raise the very slightest flame of sedition or of insurrectionary movement. I want to know why they can do it in Ireland. Are you to say, as some people say in America and in Jamaica, when speaking of the black man, that "nothing can be made of the Irishman"? Everything can be made of him in every country but his own. When he has passed through the American school—I speak of him as a child, or in the second generation of the Irish emigrant in that country—he is as industrious, as frugal, as independent, as loyal, as good a citizen of the American Republic as any man born within the dominions of that Power. Why is it not so in Ireland? I have asked the question before, and I will ask it again; it is a pertinent question, and it demands an answer. Why is it that no Scotchman who leaves Scotland—and the Scotch have been taunted and ridiculed for being so fond of leaving their country for a better climate and a better soil—how comes it, I ask, that no Scotchman who emigrates to the United States, and no Englishman who plants himself there, cherishes the smallest hostility to the people, to the institutions, or to the Government of his native country? Why does every Irishman who leaves his country and goes to the United States immediately settle himself down there, resolved to better his condition in life, but with a feeling of ineradicable hatred to the laws and institutions of the land of his birth? Is not that a question for statesmanship?

If the Secretary of State, since his last measure was brought in, now eighteen years ago, had had time in the multiplicity of his duties to consider this question, possibly, instead of now moving for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, he might have been rejoicing at the universal loyalty which prevailed, not throughout Great Britain only, but throughout the whole population of Ireland. I spent two autumns in Ireland in the years 1849 and 1852, and I recollect making a speech in this House not long afterward which some persons thought was not very wide of the mark. I recommended the Ministers of that time to take an opportunity to hold an Irish Session of the Imperial Parliament—to have no great questions discussed connected with the ordinary matters which are brought before us, but to keep Parliament to the consideration of this Irish question solely, and to deal with those great matters which are constant sources of complaint; and I said that a session that was so devoted to such a blessed and holy work would be a session, if it were successful, that would stand forth in all our future history as one of the noblest which had ever passed in the annals of the Imperial Parliament.

Now, Sir, a few days ago everybody in this House, with two or three exceptions, was taking an oath at that table. It is called the Oath of Allegiance. It is meant at once to express loyalty, and to keep men loyal. I do not think it generally does bind men to loyalty, if they have not loyalty without it. I hold loyalty to consist, in a country like this, as much in doing justice to the people as in guarding the Crown—for I believe there is no guardianship of the Crown, in a country like this, where the Crown is not supposed to rest absolutely upon

force, so safe as that of which we know more in our day probably than has been known in former periods of our history, when the occupant of the throne is respected, admired, and loved by the general people. Now, how comes it that these great statesmen whom I have named, with all their colleagues, some of them as eminent almost as their leaders, have never tried what they could do—have never shown their loyalty to the Crown by endeavoring to make the Queen as safe in the hearts of the people of Ireland as she is in the hearts of the people of England and of Scotland? Bear in mind that the Queen of England can do almost nothing in these matters. By our Constitution the Crown can take no direct part in them. The Crown cannot direct the policy of the government—nay, the Crown cannot, without the consent of this House, even select its Ministers; therefore the Crown is helpless in this matter. And we have in this country a Queen who, in all the civilized nations of the world, is looked upon as a model of a Sovereign, and yet her name and fame are discredited and dishonored by circumstances such as those which have twice during her reign called us together to agree to a proposition like that which is brought before us to-day. Now, there is an instructive anecdote to be found in the annals of the Chinese Empire. In a remote province there was an insurrection. The Emperor put down the insurrection, but he abased and humbled himself before his people, and said that if he had been guilty of neglect, he acknowledged his guilt, and he humbled himself before those on whom he had brought the evil of an insurrection in one of his provinces. The Queen of these realms is not so responsible. She cannot thus humble herself; but I

say that your statesmen for the last sixty—for the last forty—years are thus guilty, and they ought to humble themselves before the people of this country for their neglect.

But I have heard from members in this House, I have seen much writing in newspapers, and I have heard of speeches elsewhere, in which some of us, who advocate what we believe to be a great and high morality in public affairs, are charged with dislike to the institutions, and even disloyalty to the dynasty which rules in England. There can be nothing more offensive, nothing more unjust, nothing more utterly false. We who ask Parliament, in dealing with Ireland, to deal with it upon the unchangeable principle of justice, are the friends of the people, and the really loyal advisers and supporters of the Throne. All history teaches us that it is not in human nature that men should be content under any system of legislation and of institutions such as exists in Ireland. You may pass this Bill, you may put the Home Secretary's five hundred men in gaol—you may do all this, and suppress the conspiracy, and put down the insurrection; but the moment it is suppressed there will still remain the germs of this malady, and from these germs will spring up, as heretofore, another crop of insurrection and another harvest of misfortune. And it may be that those who sit here eighteen years after this moment will find another Ministry and another Secretary of State to propose to you another administration of the same ever-failing and ever-poisonous medicine. I say there is a mode of making Ireland loyal. I say that the Parliament of England, having abolished the Parliament of Ireland, is doubly bound to examine

what that mode is, and, if it can discover it, to adopt it. I say that the Minister who occupies office in this country merely that he may carry on the daily routine of administration, who dares not grapple with this question, who dares not go into Opposition, and who will sit anywhere except where he can tell his mind freely to the House and the country, may have a high position in this country, but he is not a statesman, nor is he worthy of the name.

Sir, I shall not oppose the proposition of the right honorable gentleman. The circumstances, I presume, are such, that the course which is about to be pursued is perhaps the only merciful course for Ireland. But I suppose it is not the intention of the Government, in the case of persons who are arrested, and against whom any just complaint can be made, to do anything more than that which the ordinary law permits, and that when men are brought to trial they will be brought to trial with all the fairness and all the advantages which the ordinary law gives. I should say what was most unjust to the gentlemen sitting on that [the Treasury] Bench, if I said aught else than that I believe they are as honestly disposed to do right in this matter as I am, and as I have ever been. I implore them, if they can, to shake off the trammels of doubt and fear with regard to this question, and to say something that may be soothing—something that may give hope to Ireland. I voted the other night with the honorable member for Tralee [Mr. O'Donoghue]. We were a very small minority. Yes, I have often been in small minorities. The honorable gentleman would have been content with a word of kindness and sympathy, not for conspiracy, but for the people of Ireland. That word was not inserted in the

Queen's Speech, and to-night the Home Secretary has made a speech urging the House to the course which, I presume, is about to be pursued; but he did not in that speech utter a single question which lies behind and is greater and deeper than that which he discussed. I hope, Sir, that if Ministers feel themselves bound to take this course of suspending the common right of personal freedom to a whole nation, at least they will not allow this debate to close without giving to us and to that nation some hope that before long measures will be introduced which will tend to create the same loyalty in Ireland that exists in Great Britain. If every man outside the walls of this House who has the interest of the whole Empire at heart were to speak here, what would he say to this House? Let not one day elapse, let not another session pass, until you have done something to wipe off this blot—for blot it is—upon the reign of the Queen, and scandal it is to the civilization, and to the justice of the people of this country.

THE NATURE OF CHRIST

HENRY WARD BEECHER

“Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.” HEB. ii. 17, 18.

“Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”—HEB. iv. 16.

FROM the time that theology received from the Greek mind a philosophic and systematic form, there has been, as compared with the sacred Scriptures, a total change of the point of view in which Christ is presented, if not universally, yet to a very great extent. The whole force of controversy has been to fix the place, the title, and the nature of Christ.

This is a dynastic idea. I do not say that it ought not to be sought out in any degree; but I do say that it is not in accordance with the structure and comprehensive aim of the New Testament; and it is not using the facts or revelations of the New Testament as they were originally used, and as they were designed to be used. It is something outside of the purposes of those facts or revelations.

The genius of the New Testament is to present, in Jesus, the most attractive and winning view of God, to inspire men with a deep sense of the divine sympathy and helpfulness; and to draw men to Christ

as the One who can meet all their wants while living, when dying, and in the great life beyond. Over these three great circuits which the imagination makes—life, death, and eternity—Christ is represented as having dominion; and he is presented to men in such aspects as tend, according to the laws of the human soul, to draw them toward him in confidence, in love, and in an obedience which works by love. It is, therefore, as Teacher, and Guide and Brother, and Saviour; it is as Shepherd, and Physician, and Deliverer; it is as a Mediator, a Forerunner, and a Solicitor in court, that he is familiarly represented. He is sometimes, also—though seldom in comparison with other representations—represented as a Judge or a Vindicator. The force of the representations of the gospels, and of the laws which have sprung from the gospels, is to present Christ as so seeking the highest ends of human life, and so aiming at the noblest developments of character in men, that every man who feels degraded, bound, overcome by evil, shall also feel, “Here is my Succor; here is my remedy for that which is wrong; here is my Guide toward that which is right; here is my Help in those great emergencies for which human strength is vain.” Living or dying, we are the Lord’s—this is the spirit that was meant to be inculcated.

Christ came, he said himself, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might have life.

“The Son of Man is not come to destroy men’s lives, but to save them.”

If, then, we take our stand at the point of view through which the Scriptures were developed, we

shall remove, I think, many of the difficulties which embarrass the minds of men, and which prevent their making a personal and saving use of Jesus Christ as he is presented in the Scriptures.

First, identification of the Lord Jesus Christ with the human race has been a fertile theme of comment, of criticism, and of skepticism. Many have objected to it as unworthy any true conception of the divine nature.

Now, it was not the purpose of the New Testament to undertake to show us the whole nature of God, and to give us the elements by which we could judge abstractly as to what was and what was not fitting. We are limited in our judgment of the divine nature by the elements of our own being; for that which is not in some sense represented in us we can have no conception of. The immutable principles of truth, of honor, of justice, of love, and of mercy, in human nature, furnish us the materials by which we are enabled to judge of the divine nature. Is it not, then, worthy of our conception of God, that he should seek to win the race to confidence in him? and is there a better way for him to do it than by the identifying of himself with the race?

When Christ wished to do his kindest works he did not stand afar off, saying, "Be this done, and be that done." He took the blind man by the hand and led him out of the town, and healed him. He drew near to those whom he wished to bless, and touched them. He laid his hands upon them. And that which fell out in the individual instances of Christ's life was the thing which was done in regard to the whole scheme of Christ's appearing. If God spake to men not from afar off by the word of mouth, or intermediately through great natural laws; if he

sent his Son into the world to bring men, in their conditions, and according to their language, according to their modes of understanding, to a true notion of what the divine disposition and purpose were, was not that the best way in which to win their confidence? If this is so, then there cannot be a method conceived of by which the human race can be more won to confidence than by the incarnation of Jesus Christ.

If you look, in the light of an abstract divine propriety, at the whole history which is given in the gospels of the incarnation of Christ, you will reach one sort of result; but if you look at it from the side of the human mind and of human want, which is the side that is presented in the New Testament, another and an entirely different view will be arrived at. We are not put into possession of those materials by which God, standing in the midst of his moral government, universal and all-glorious, can be inspected by us, except in one particular—namely, in regard to what will do good to a race that is so low as this is and has been. Looked at from that point of view, would it not be divine beneficence, would it not stimulate human emotion, would it not tend to draw men toward God, if he should conduct his mission and ministry upon earth so that men would feel that they could interpret his nature by the experience of their own? Would not that have the effect to win men back to him?

Let me illustrate in another way. What is that which is most becoming in woman—what, but that she should dwell with her kindred? What, but that she should separate herself from that which is rude and coarse? What, but that all those sweeter virtues which refinement breeds should blossom from

her perpetually? We think of her as the child in the cradle; as the daughter at home; as the maiden sought or won; as the young bride, and as the matron. All these elements enter into our conception of the dignity and beauty of woman. If, therefore, you were to ask, What is her sphere? and what are her functions? every one instinctively would say that her sphere and her functions were those of moral elevation, of refinement, and of intellectual culture. Every one would say that she was born to make home bright and beautiful. And yet, when that great concussion came that seemed likely to rend the continent from East and West; when a million men in the North were tramping southward, and a million men in the South were tramping northward, and all was rude warfare; when men were gathered from every side of humanity, good and bad, mingled and fighting together under the flag, where on earth could you have found more dirt, more blood, more confusion, or more rudeness than in the hospitals outlying the edges of the battle fields? And yet, woman walked there—an angel of light and mercy. Many and many a poor soldier, the child of Christian parents, dying, was led by woman's ministration, under those adverse circumstances, from the very borders of hell to the very heights of faith and hope and belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. There, in the place most unlikely, in the last place you would have spoken of as the true sphere of woman—there woman reaped a glory that shall never die so long as there are annals of this land. And so long as there are annals of our dear old fatherland, Florence Nightingale's name will be remembered. There will never be any who will forget that it was in circumstances of humiliation, and rudeness, and

confusion, circumstances where there was everything which was most repellent to taste and refinement, that she stood to relieve suffering.

Now, when you think of the Lord Jesus Christ, if, with the Greeks, you project some great crystal scheme of government, and conceive of him as administering it; if you form, in the stithy of your imagination, an ideal of a perfect God, ruling over men, and bring that ideal into this world, do you not leave God at an inaccessible height above the heart of man? But if you say, "He was born of woman, he grew from childhood to manhood, and at thirty years of age he became a teacher," will not that, I ask, be the best thing that you could do, in case the object of this revelation is to win men? If the design is to inspire the human race with confidence and sympathy toward their Maker and their Judge, will not this be the very thing above all others that will do it? Bring the divine nature from the vast cloudy sphere beyond into this world, transmute it into the conditions in which we live, and which limit our understanding, and conceive of Jehovah as Immanuel, *God with us*, and you do that which is better calculated than anything else to present the conception of God so that men's hearts shall take hold of him. For that which we need, after all, is a tendril which shall unite us to God. Our God must not be to us as a storm nor a fire, if we are to cling to him. The storm and the fire may make men afraid of evil, but they never will call forth men's love.

You might, by the north wind, throw the convolvulus, the morning-glory, the queen of flowers, prostrate along the ground; but it is only when the warm sun gives it leave that it twines upward, about

that which is to support it, and blesses it a thousand-fold by its efflorescence all day long. The terrors of the Lord may dissuade men from evil ; but it is the warm shining of the heart of God that brings men toward his goodness and toward him.

This view of Christ meets both theories of men's origin. If men are descended from a higher plane by the fall of their ancestors, this view of God seeking their recuperation is eminently fitting ; or, if men are a race emerging from a lower plane, and seeking a spiritual condition, it is equally fitting. In either case, what they want is a succoring God ; and such was Jesus Christ as presented to the world in his incarnation.

Secondly, it gives added force to the simple narrative of Christ's life if we look at it from the point of view which we have been considering—namely, such a teaching as shall lead men to confidence in and communion with God. If you ask what is becoming in a dramatic God, or in an ideal Sovereign, you will get one result, and it will be a human result. If you ask what would be likely to inspire the human family with a profound sense of God's sympathy with mankind, and of his helpfulness toward them, would not that be the very result of the presentation of Christ's life ? Look at it as the life of One who came to win men, and does it not touch the universal chords of sympathy ? He was born of woman ; and that cloudy wonder, the mystery of the mother-heart (which no poet ever described, but which was known to Raphael, half woman as he was, and which was, though imperfectly, yet marvelously, expressed in the Sistine Madonna), that wonder enveloped him. As the mother, holding her child, looks with a vague reverence upon it, so our

Saviour was looked upon by his mother when he was a child in her arms. Therefore, there is not a child on the globe that has not had a Forerunner.

As a child, Christ grew in stature and in knowledge. And that is as much a revelation as any other. Nor does it detract from a true and proper conception of divinity. For if one would make himself like unto his brethren he should begin where they began, and in everything but sin should rise with them, step by step, all the way up.

Following Christ through his childhood, we find that he was subject to his parents. Unquestionably he participated in their industries, and lived a working man, in a great northern province crowded with a population which included all manner of foreign elements, under the dominion of a foreign sceptre. There, in the midst of the distresses of the people—and they were exceedingly great—he grew up a working man; and there is nothing in the history or experience of the great mass of mankind who are working men that he is not fitted to sympathize with.

Has not this already touched a universal chord? Has it not even made skepticism admire it? Men who reject as history the details of the life of the Lord Jesus Christ; men who set aside his miracles and many of his words, will not let die the *character* which he has lived and impressed upon the world's thought and the world's imagination.

One of the most affecting things that I know of is the way in which men deal with this "fiction," as they call it. They take the life of Christ, and say that it is mythical; or, they say that it is the life of an extraordinary man, of a genius, but not of a divine Being; and yet, it is a life that believer and unbe-

liever alike will not let die. There are all sorts of men in the various schools, who are saying of the nature and character which are attributed to Christ, "This is so wonderful a nature and character that the world would be impoverished if we were to lose it." Such impressions have been produced by the circumstances in which Christ lived among men.

Thirdly, the miracles of Christ, looked at from the same point of view, have been very much perverted by discussions, and by not being looked at along the line in which they were meant to play. They were simply charities. They were, to be sure, alleged to have a certain influence among an abject and superstitious-minded people, but Christ himself undervalued them as moral evidence. They were alternative as evidence. "If you will not believe me for my own sake," he says, "believe me for my works' sake." He held that the radiant presentation of a divine nature ought to carry its own evidence; that when he appeared in speech, in conduct, in affluent affection, he was, himself, his own best evidence; and yet, if they, by reason of obtuseness, could not believe in him otherwise, he called upon them to believe in him for the sake of his miracles. That would be better than nothing. But he discouraged and dissuaded men from seeking after miracles or signs. The miracles of Christ were, almost all of them, mere acts of benevolence. He was poor; he had neither money nor raiment to give; and yet there was suffering around about him, and he relieved it. The miracles of Christ were never wrought in an ostentatious way. Never were they wrought for the purpose of exalting himself. They were not employed where arguments failed, to carry men away by superstitious enthusiasm. Multitudes resorted

to him for help—the sick, the blind, the deaf, lepers, all kinds of unfortunate people ; and miracles were his means of bestowing charity upon them. No hospital had he to which he could send them ; he was his own hospital. No retinue or army had he to send out among the masses of the Palestinian land.

His own hand and voice were his universal instruments of mercy. His miracles were his general acts of kindness. As laid down in the gospel they represent the heart of God. And what an error is often committed in regard to the beneficent deeds of the Redeemer and Saviour of the world, as to the purposes for which they were performed ! They were never performed for his own sake. If there are apparent exceptions, there are no real ones. For instance, at the baptism of Christ, the sound of a voice and the descent of a dove were not his own miracles. They were imposed upon him. And the greatest of all wonders which were wrought, in its dramatic beauty—the Transfiguration—was as much a miracle of mercy as the miracle of the loaves and fishes. The disciples had lately been driven out of Galilee, and they had come to Jerusalem, and their faith needed resuscitation—as also did his own, since he was in the form of man, not only, but had the experience of a man ; and as they stood upon the Mount, he was, as it were, lifted up before them. He seemed to them to be in the midst of a luminous atmosphere ; and heavenly visitants were communing with him. Thus they were strengthened and prepared for a remote period when he should be crucified and buried out of their sight. It was intended that there should be a witchery and magic connected with this event which should hold them to their faith in spite of the lack of outward evidence

The ministration thus to the higher spiritual nature of these disciples was as bread and wine to the lower bodily wants of men.

Now, if you adopt the philosophical view, and discuss the peculiarities of Christ's miracles purely from the standpoint of nature, you will reach certain results ; but if you suppose that they will be the results contemplated by the New Testament, you are mistaken.

For instance, I reach forth my hand and draw a drowning man out of the water. Some one, hearing of it, and wishing to give a philosophical explanation of the act, takes a hand, and dissects it, and paints it. First, he paints the whole hand ; then underneath he paints each finger separately ; then below he paints all the muscles ; and then he writes a little treatise on the structure and adaptation of the hand ; and then he says, "There is my interpretation of that act." But it is not a dissected hand that the man thinks of, whom I seized at the risk of my life and rescued from the boiling flood. It does not occur to him that the hand that saved him was composed of bone, or muscle, or skin, or anything else. It was *what was done* by the hand that interpreted itself to him, and that was the all-important thing.

Miracles discussed philosophically are out of the sphere of Christian experience. What we want to know, along the line of Christ's miraculous deeds, is, that they all aimed at one thing—namely, the opening of a more bountiful conception of divine sympathy than could have been developed under any other circumstances. Viewed in that light they are a potential evidence, not so much of the power to which they have almost always been referred, but

of the inner heart of Jesus ; they are a powerful development of the divine bounty and sympathy and kindness ; and who has the heart to dispute them on that line ?

Looked at, also, from the same point of view—namely, that of the relations of Christ to the world for the sake of developing in men confidence in God and sympathy with him—I remark that the Saviour's suffering and death will receive new light. Everything becomes involved and difficult and inoperative the moment you discuss the history of Christ from the material and dynastic sides. Why did Christ suffer ? If you say, in reply, " That he might redeem men from sin," you have said the whole ; and just so soon as you begin to go back and ask, " How did his suffering redeem men from death ? " you are wandering right away from the heart of Christ to the cold Greek philosophical view of him.

If you bring to me the tidings that my mother is dead, she who bore me, and hovered over all my infant days, and tenderly loved me to the last, you open the floodgates of sympathy in my soul. But suppose a physician comes to me and sits down by my side, and says, " You understand, my young friend, that there are, in the human frame a variety of systems—the vascular system, the bony system, the muscular system, the nervous system ; you understand that there are vital organs—the stomach, the liver, the heart, the brain : now, if you will listen, I will explain to you, in a philosophical manner, the causes of your mother's death. I will show you the way in which the blood ceased to circulate in her veins." He wants to read me an anatomical lecture on the nature of the reasons of my mother's death ! If I have wandered away from home and

friends, and my mother is dead, and you come to break the intelligence to me, I think you will leave out of your message everything except the announcement of her death and her last words. You will say, if such be the fact, "She prayed for you, and she died exclaiming, 'My son! O my son!'" And there is not a human heart that would not feel the power of a simple statement like this.

Tell me that he who is to be my Judge bowed his head and came into my condition; tell me that he was not ashamed to call men his brethren; tell me, that, being in the form of God, and thinking it not robbery to be equal with God, he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, that he might minister to men; tell me that he was tried and tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin, that he might know how to succor those who were in trial and temptation; tell me that he died that his death might be a memorial of grace to men, and that he might expound to human understandings the nature of God—tell me these things, and I am satisfied. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,"—tell me what that means. It is declared that Christ gave his life for the world; what is the meaning of that? Away with your barbaric notions! Away with the idea of marshalled forces! Away with the thought of imperial coercions! That which I derive from the fragrance and sweetness of that magnificent sacrifice which was made in Christ's death is sufficient for me. All that I want to know is that the heart of God is a heart that yearns for men—that it is a paternal heart by which the universe is to be lifted up and saved. I do not stop to ask what is the relation of the suffering of the Lord

Jesus Christ to divine law ; neither do I stop to ask what its relation is to the moral government of the universe ; nor do I stop to ask what is its relation to the teaching of the Old Testament. All these things may have their proper place in an outside work ; but to discuss them and make them part of Gospel truths is to go not only out of, but against, the example and spirit of the New Testament ; for that which the sufferings and death of Christ mean to you and to me is that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it, and that in this sacrifice we have the manifestation, not only of the power, but of the disposition of God to save us from animalism, from degradation, from guilt, and to bring us into a knowledge of the spiritual life, and make us sons of God.

Therefore, was there ever such a perversion as that by which theology has blunted the sensibilities and frozen the instincts of men, and presented to them a sort of Greek philosophy of the atonement of Christ Jesus—by which that sort of mechanical balancing of forces which men have called atonement, *atonement*, ATONEMENT, has been urged upon men—when that which the human heart wanted and Christ and the New Testament gave was not a substantive noun, meaning some arrangement or plan, but the truth of a living, personal Saviour ? I can say of these scholastic discussions, “ They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.” But yes, I do know where they have laid him : they have laid him under the dry bones of philosophy. They have covered him up with slavish systems which impose upon men the performance of certain duties, the observance of given forms and ceremonies, and obedience to certain rules, as the con-

ditions of their salvation. Acts, *acts*, ACTS, have been prescribed for men, when all they wanted to know was that there was a stream flowing out from under the throne of God, and for ever carrying to men life-giving influences. This stream, sent forth out of the centre of God's throne, is the impulse of the centuries. It is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation to every man that believes.

So accepted, the sufferings of Christ, his death, his resurrection and glory, are powers ; but the moment you turn them into a philosophy they are dead and dry, and they crackle under the pot of discussion until all its contents are evaporated and gone.

I remark, once more, that the views of Christ's resurrection, his ascension, his glorification, and his reigning state in heaven, as they are presented in the Scriptures, are exceedingly comforting, and exert an amazing influence ; but when they are presented by close analysis, by a philosophical statement, they lose all their power, and shake down upon us no fruit whatever.

Christ is our Forerunner ; this we can form some conception of. He is the first-fruits of them that slept ; this, while it brings no special idea to us, to the Jew brought most joyous associations. He is our Mediator ; he is our Intercessor—we instinctively feel the force of the helpfulness of these figures.

Now, you will spoil it all if you go into a complete analysis, and specify everything that you can imagine of a forerunner, and tell what he does do and what he does not do ; if you undertake to draw an exact parallel between the first-fruits of them that slept and the first-fruits of the harvests of the Jews ; if you undertake to dissect and regulate the offices

of a mediator between God and man, or a mediator of the new covenant ; if you undertake to describe the functions of an intercessor. All the aroma will evaporate if you go thus into detail. No : if you tell me that Christ died for men, and that he now lives in heaven for them ; that he is their Intercessor near to God, the Source of all power ; that he thinks of them and governs them ; that he is bringing many sons and daughters home to glory ; that he is our Forerunner in the world beyond ; that he is our Solicitor in court—if you tell me these things, I am comforted ; but the more you undertake to refine these metaphors, and reduce them to exactitude, the more you take away the comfort which might be derived from them. Let them stand in their simplicity, if you would have them powerful in their influence upon the imagination, the heart, and the life.

If you take a cluster of flowers just as they are, with the dew upon them, how exquisite they are ! but you tarnish them by just so much as you meddle with them. Every one who dissects a flower must make up his mind to lose it.

That sweetest flower of heaven, from which exhales perfume forever and forever ; that dearest and noblest conception that the human imagination ever gathered out of father and mother, out of leader and benefactor, out of shepherd and protector, out of companion and brother and friend ; all that ever was gracious in government—these various elements, rising together, are an interpretation, in a kind of large and vague way, to the imagination, and through the imagination to the heart, that there is, at the centre of universal authority toward which we are going, One who cares for us ; One who bears

our burdens ; One who guides our career ; One who hears our cry ; and One, though he does not interpret himself to us, who will at last make it plain that all things have worked together for the good of those that have trusted in him.

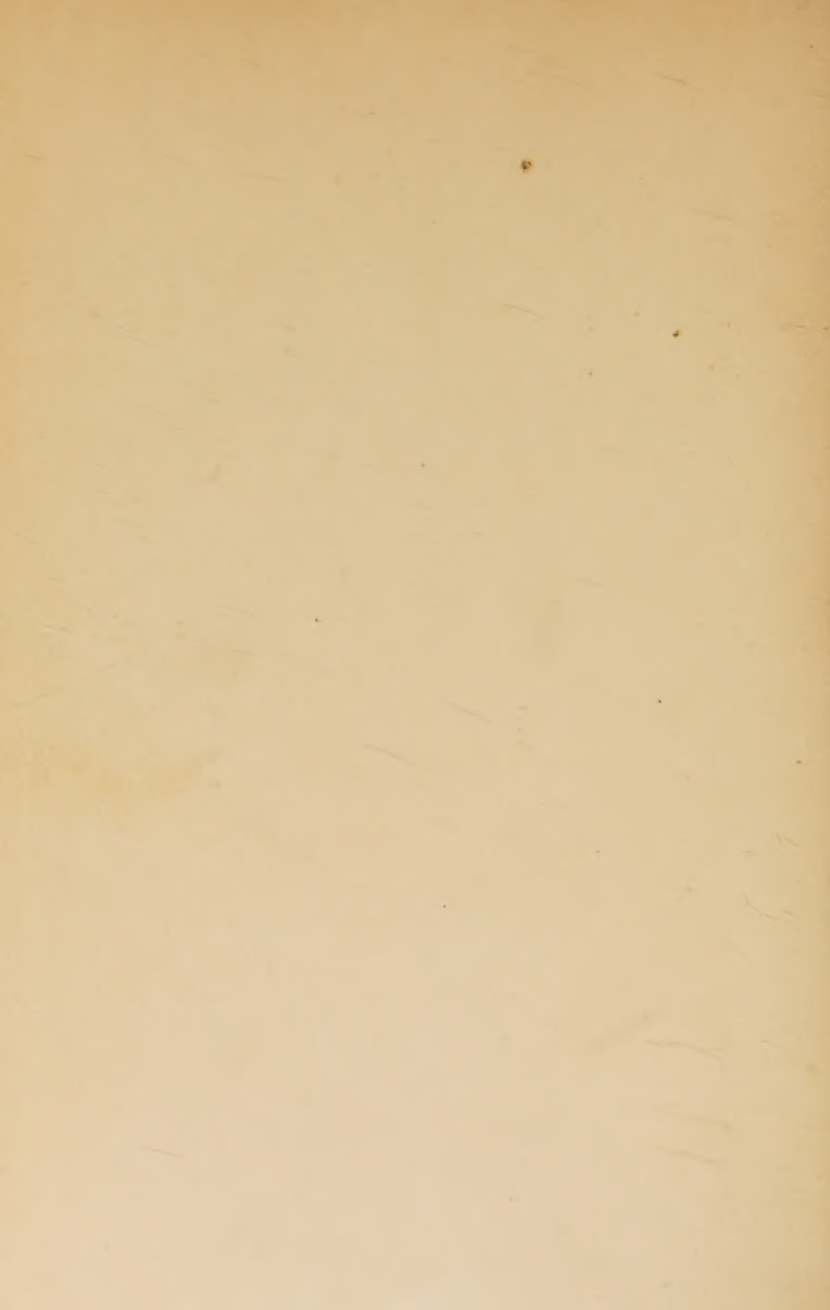
Now, a man, as a philosopher, may preach Christ from beginning to end, and yet his people may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ ; but that is not the general result of such preaching. The way is to preach Christ, and to aim at preaching Christ, so that the souls of the people shall be built up in the Lord Jesus Christ ; and it is exactly in this way that I have desired to preach Christ among you.

Oh, my brethren, we are not far from the end of our journey. It matters very little what this world and time have for us. The other world is near to us, and it matters everything how we shall land there. We have our burdens, our crosses, our poignant sorrows, sickness, and death, embarrassments, bankruptcy, trials, and if not outward scourgings yet inward scourgings. We are not exempt from the great lot of mankind ; and we go crying often with prone heads. We are like bulrushes before the wind, bowed down to the very earth. And is it a comfort for you to know that there is a God who thinks of you ? to know that there is One who is crying out in the silence, if you could only by your spiritual hearing listen, saying, " Come boldly to the throne of grace, and obtain mercy and help in time of need ? "

O throne of iron, from which have been launched terrible lightnings and thunders that have daunted men ! O throne of crystal, that has coldly thrown out beams upon the intellect of mankind ! O throne

of mystery, around about which have been clouds and darkness!—O throne of *Grace*, where He sits regnant who was my brother, who has tasted of my lot, who knows my trouble, my sorrow, my yearning and longing for immortality! O Jesus, crowned, not for thine own glory, but with power of love for the emancipation of all struggling spirits!—thou art my God—*my* God!

And is he *your* God? Ah, yes! I beseech of everyone who has any trouble, everyone who needs help, to try the help of God given through Jesus in faith and trust. You cannot please him better. Come, lay down your anxiety and your strivings; lift up your heart, and believe that He who has guided his people like a flock will guide you, and perfect you, and bring you home to immortality.



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